CHRISTIAN REGISTER
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"LIBERTY, HO INESS, LOVE."

RUFUS A. JOHNSON, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1840. NO. 1011.---VOL. XIX.—NO. 7.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

POETRY SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

NO. V.

Tune: Rapture.

Paraphrase of the Fifth Commandment.

1 O ye, who bear the filial name,
Whate'er your age, regard the claim
Of those, who gave you birth;
Whose smiles illumed your early years;
Who sympathised in all your tears,
And shared your guiltless mirth.

2 In childhood keep their will in view,
Where'er ye go, whate'er ye do;
Their riper wisdom trust;
For you they watch, in you they live,
To you their warm affection give;
O, give them what is just.

3 And when you need their aid no more,
Or when their active days are o'er,
Their former care requite;
Pay them the honor due to age,
And each ingenuous feeling pledge,
To make their burdens light.

4 Angelic spirits will record,
And God, the Judge of all, reward
Each act of filial love;
A cheerful, happy life below,
From his paternal love will flow,
And purer joys above. S. W.

NO. VI.

Tune: Dedham.

A Paraphrase of the Sixth Commandment.

1 Author of life, to thee we bow
The supplicating knee;
Supreme in power and glory thou,
'But dust and ashes we.'

2 Life is thy gift; to thee belongs
The right to give and take:
Who takes unbid, that Being wrongs,
Who makes the mountains quake.

3 All things are thine, the great, the small,
From angel down to worm;
Thine eyes behold the sparrow fall,
And things of meaner form.

4 Deaf be our ears to every call
Of mad or thoughtless war;
The scenes in which the guiltless fall,
Let every mind abhor.

5 Still be the souls of men more dear,
Than aught our eyes behold;
Ordained to pass from trial here,
To joys or woes untold.

[From the Daily Advertiser and Patriot.]

DR. FOLLEN.

As the cause which led this gentleman to leave the University of Basel, in Switzerland, in which he held a professorship of Law, and seek an asylum in the United States, are but little known, it may be interesting, at this time, to his numerous friends to see the following account, which was inserted in the Philadelphia National Gazette, of Aug. 20, 1825, soon after his arrival in this country, and which the editor of that paper took from an original manuscript, and regarded as entitled to full confidence.

Whilst in all Germany, the Holy Alliance was endeavoring to suppress every germ of freedom, and particularly to convert the higher institutions of learning into nurseries of despotism, a new light of hope for the depressed liberty of mind seemed to shine in Switzerland.

The University of Basel, so celebrated in the time of the great Church Reformation in the sixteenth century, but afterwards fallen to decay, had been newly organized in 1817, by the government of that republic. Several professorships, which till that time had been only sinecures, were then provided with learned men from Germany, who, for their political opinions, were obliged to leave their country. The friends of liberty were rejoiced, and tyrants were alarmed, when in Switzerland, the only free State of the continent of Europe, that new temple of mental freedom was erected. Already some young men from Prussia had come to study at Basel, when the Prussian government issued a prohibition against its subjects visiting that University. But this seemed not yet to satisfy the Holy Alliance. They took advantage of the political debility of Switzerland, caused by her own governments, to deprive the growing University of some of its most liberal teachers, intimidating the others, as well as the government itself.

On the 27th of August, 1824, the government of Basel received three notes from the governments of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, which demanded that Dr. Follen and Dr. S—— Professors of Law at Basel, should be given up to the tribunal of inquisition, which the King of Prussia, had established at Koepnick, near Berlin. They were accused in these notes of being the chief movers of a great conspiracy, tending to subvert the monarchical State of Germany, for which purpose they still abused the neutrality of Switzerland, in which they had taken refuge. These three notes were supported by two others from the German governments of Hesse-Darmstadt and Nassau, demanding likewise, that the two professors, being their born subjects, should be delivered up to the common tribunal of inquisition at Koepnick. The government of Berne, at that time the directorial Canton of Switzerland, joined these five notes with an urgent request that the government of Basel might not, for the sake of individuals, hazard the welfare of the country.

The Government of Basel summoned the two professors to give an explanation of these accusations. Dr. Follen declared 'that all these political accusations were as unfounded as vague.' He maintained that he himself was not bound to appear before the tribunal of Koepnick, and that Switzerland, and particularly the government of Basel, was neither obliged nor entitled to deliver him up to the foreign powers.

'With regard to Prussia, Austria and Russia, he never was under any obligation to them; and the obligation, which, as a native of Hesse, he had to that country, had ceased; for, after having acquited himself of his military duty as a volunteer during the war of 1813 and 1814, he had emigrated from thence, and had become a member of another State. He was appointed Professor at the cantonal school of the canton of Grissons, in 1820, and afterwads at the University of Basel. The public authorities of both cantons, would testify, that he had always conscientiously discharged the duties of his office, and that his private life was irreproachable.

'Being now a member of the canton of Basel and of Switzerland at large, if he had committed an offence, he had an incontestible right to be judged by no other laws and no other tribunals than by the laws and tribunals of the State to which he belonged. Nevertheless, he was now demanded by foreign governments, which had no authority over him, to be given up to a tribunal of political inquisition, which, by the Prussian law, that is to say, by the king's absolute will, was free from every legal tie. Could there be any doubt that these attempts against his liberty, were really attempts against the liberty of Switzerland herself? A State which would permit that one of its subjects should be judged by the laws and tribunals of another State, would resign its own sovereignty and political existence. Particular compacts, by which alone a Commonwealth can be bound to deliver up its inhabitants, did not exist between Switzerland and the five above-mentioned powers. Therefore, Switzerland could not give him up without violating her national honor, her independence, and her duties towards one of her members.

'If the foreign governments really believed that he had abused the neutrality of Switzerland to disturb the peace of their States, they were to send in their accusations, with a distinct description of the alleged offences, and with all the necessary proofs. The accusations they now had sent in, vague and unfounded as they were, were not fit to be submitted to the serious examination of a court. They deserved the less credit, as the disorder in the administration of these governments was so great, that some years ago, they had called upon the Cantons of Switzerland to deliver up or to banish an individual, whom one of these governments, some time before, had entrusted with a public office in its own dominions, where he then and afterwards quietly lived, discharging the duties of his office.

'Before the independent Courts of the independent State to which he belonged, his accusers ought to be considered but as private persons. Therefore the Government of Basel, whose protection he chiefly and entirely relied on, might summon them to send in their complaints against him, with the requisite charges, to be investigated by the competent tribunal of the Canton.

'He the more hoped that this request would be granted, as, some years before, the Government of the Canton of Grissons had rejected similar accusations and demands which had been brought against him by the Congress of Trappau.'

Dr. S. made a similar declaration. The citizens of Basel and all true Swiss perceived, that, in this case, not only two persons, but the honor and independence of the country were at stake. The Government of Basel, convinced of the justness of the above declarations, and encouraged by the public opinion, refused the demand of the foreign Governments, and required them to communicate charges, that the cause might he investigated and decided by the Courts of the Canton. But soon after three new notes arrived from the Ambassadors of Prussia, Austria and Russia. They pretended 'that the good understanding, which subsisted between Switzerland and the three great powers, required her to believe them at their word. That Basel would destroy this good understanding, if it should delay to deliver the demanded persons by insisting upon the communication of the charges.' These new demands were aided by urgent letters from the three most important Swiss Governments of Berne, Zurich, and Lucerne.

The united endeavors of the external and internal enemies of liberty broke at last the spirit of the Government of Basel; though according to the Constitution of Switzerland, not even the whole Confederation had a right to compel it to yield to the foreign demands. The Government resolved to resign their right of judging this cause. And, as they were told that the delivering of Dr. S. was not go much urged as that of Dr. Follen, (whose lectures on Natural Law had probably rendered him more obnoxious to the Holy Alliance,) they tried, by giving up the latter, to save the former, who, as the father of a large family, seemed to have a stronger claim to their protection. Dr. Follen was advised to depart, and as he would not quit the country without being forced, they compelled his departure by passing a resolution to arrest him. He then left the city, thankful for the patriotic interest which many citizens had displayed in his cause. To the Government he left the following declaration:—

'Whereas the *Republic* of Switzerland, which had protected so many fugitive princes, noblemen, and priests, would not protect him, who, like them, is a *republican*, he is compelled to take refuge in the great asylum of liberty, the United States of America. His false accusers he summons before the tribunal of God and of public opinion. Laws he has never violated; but the heinous crime of having loved his country has rendered him guilty to such a degree, that he feels quite unworthy to be pardoned by the Holy Allies.

PRAYER.—Archbishop Secker, when laid on his couch with a broken thigh, was visited at Lambeth by Mr Talbot, Vicar of St. Giles, Reading, who had lived in great intimacy with him, and received his preferment from him. 'You will pray with me, Talbot?' said the Archbishop, during the interview. Mr Talbot rose and went to look for a Prayer Book. 'That is not what I want now, (said the dying prelate,)kneel down by me, and pray for me in the way I know you are used to do.' With which command this zealous man of God readily complied, and prayed earnestly from his heart for his dying friend, whom he saw no more.—*Countess of Huntington's Life and Times.*

JOAN WASTE.—Among many who glorified God by suffering martyrdom in the reign of Queen Mary, Joan Waste, a poor woman, deserves never to be forgotten. Though blind from her birth, she learned, at an early age, to knit stockings and sleeves, and to assist her father in the business of rope making; and always discovered the utmost aversion to idleness and sloth. After the death of her parents, she lived with her brother; and by daily attending the church, and hearing divine service read in the vulgar tongue, during the reign of King Edward, became deeply impressed with religious principles. This rendered her desirous of possessing the word of God; so that at length having, by her labor, earned and saved as much money as would purchase a New Testament, she procured one; and as she could not read it herself, got others to read it to her, especially an old man seventy years of age, the clerk of a parish in Derby, who read a chapter to her almost every day. She would also sometimes give a penny or two (as she could spare) to those who would not read to her without pay. By these means she became well acquainted with the New Testament, and could repeat many chapters without book, and, daily increasing in sacred knowledge, exhibiting its influence in her life, till, when she was about twenty-two years of age, she was condemned for not believing the popish doctrine of Christ's bodily presence in the sacrament, and burned at Derby, August 1, 1556.—*Townley's Biblical Records.*

[From the Christian Keepsake for 1840.]

RELIGION IN CHINA.

BY REV. E. C. WINES.

'The past and present condition of China affords no exception to the remark that unaided human reason is not safe and sufficient guide in religion. The Chinese are far in advance of all the other Asiatics in education, knowledge, industry, civilization, enterprise—all the attributes, in short, except religion, which enter as elements into the complex ideas of national dignity and worth. Within a certain limit they are an educated, reading and thinking people; they have an abundant and respectable literature; their men of learning hold the highest social position in the realm, and fill all the offices of trust and profit within the gift of the Emperor; and they have the singular honor of being the only nation on the globe where cultivated talent enjoys its legitimate consideration and influence. Yet in their religious theories and practices they are not an inch in advance of the other Eastern nations. Nay, they actually imported from India all the montrosities and abominations of Budhism; and that part of the popular religion which is indigenous is, if possible, more puerile and revolting than the exotic.

'There are three religious sects in China, viz: the Confucians, the Budhist, and the followers of Tauo. It must not, however, be inferred that these hold an equal rank in general estimation. Confucianism is the state religion of China; and the other two, though tolerated, have been rather discredited than encouraged by the Government.

'Confucius flourished about five hundred years before the Christian Era, having been a contemporary with Pythagoras. China was not at that time united under one government, but its territory was occupied by several independent nations. The sage was a native of the state Loo, within the district now called Keofow-Hien. From early childhood he is said to have been devoted to grave and serious pursuits, being altogether indifferent to the common amusements of the young. He was the son of the chief minister of his native Kingdom. The profession of his father gave a bias to his early tastes, and he employed himself entirely on moral and political science.

'The doctrines of the Confucians are embodied in nine classical or sacred books, called the 'Four Books,' and the 'Five Canonical Works.' These contain a complete body of rules; first for the government of one's self, and the regulation of social intercourse; secondly, for the government of a family and the education of a community; and thirdly for the government of an empire, and the management of its complex machinery. The sententious style that characterises these celebrated productions renders the meaning often obscure, and has induced a mass of native commentaries, of formidable bulk; but it cannot be doubted that they contain many maxims just in sentiment, wise in policy, and admirably suited to the genius of the people—maxims which have conferred immortality upon the memory of their author, and done more for the stability of the empire than any other cause; perhaps, than all other causes combined.

'The maxims turn chiefly upon private and public conduct. Some of them are of the highest excellence, and may well excite our wonder as the emanations of a heathern mind. They, however, permit and even enjoin *revenge*, in exhorting a son not to 'live under the same heaven' with the slayer of his father.

'The Confucian theory of human nature is diametrically opposed to the scripture doctrine of original sin and human depravity.

'The Emperor himself officiates in the Confucian worship as Pontifex Maximus, and his army civil of Maudarins form its only priesthood. This sect pay divine honors to a variety of divinities. Among these are heaven and earth, the sun and moon, the Queen of heaven, deified sages, heroes, inventors of useful arts, martyrs to virtue, statesmen, the gods of the land and grain, the clouds, the rain, wind, thunder, and a whole tribe of the spirits of the hills, rivers and fire.

'To give any detailed account of the Budhism of China would swell this article to an unreasonable length. We can only glance hastily at the subject, and leave it to the investigations of the curious. Budha, as it is well known, is a deity of Indian origin. His worship, in the land of its nativity, became the deadly antagonist of Brahminical faith, and bid fair at one time to win the day against its powerful rival. Upon that field, however, it was destined to suffer a signal defeat. But error when it has once obtained a foot-hold in the human mind, is not so easily dislodged and destroyed. Budhism gradually spread among the neighboring nations, and with the exception of Christianity and Mahomedanism,—if, indeed, they are to be excepted—it is now more widely disseminated among mankind than any other religion. It prevails in Thibet, Siam, Ava, Tartary, Japan, Cochin-China, and to a considerable extent in China Proper.

'The worship of Budha, who is called Fo in China, was imported from India about the middle of the first century of our era. The leading features of Budhism is the metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls. The priests of this sect promise to their votaries speedy advancement in the scale of the metempsychosis, till they shall be absorbed in Nirupan or Nirvana—nonentity.

'The five principal moral maxims of the Budhists are: 1. Do not kill any living creature.—2. Do not marry. 3. Do not steal. 4. Speak not falsely. 5. Drink no wine. The second of these interdictions must be understood as applicable to the priests alone. A rigorous regard to the obligations of morality seems not to be enforced. Offerings to the idols and to the priests are held to be an all sufficient expiation for sin; and the erection of a temple in honor of Fo suffices, according to their creed, to blot out every stain of guilt, and open the portals of the paradise of Budha.

'Several remarkable coincidences exists between the tenets and practises of the Roman Catholic Church and the Budhism of China.—These resemblances were early noticed by the Catholic missionaries, and many hypotheses were invented to explain the riddle of their existence. Some of the priests gravely declared their belief that the devil had contrived the whole scheme to frustrate their good intentions; but Pere Premere insisted that the arch fiend had practised the trick in order to annoy his friends, in particular. The Budhist priests live in monasteries connected with the temple of Fo, practise celibacy, fast, pray for the souls of the dead, use holy water, count beads in saying their prayers, practise extreme unction, worship relics and pray in an unknown tongue. The Budhists and many of the Chinese not belonging to their sect, keep what may be called an account current with heaven, upon a system of double entry.—Every act esteemed good is set down at so much on the credit side, and every bad one at an established valuation on the debtor side; and the books are balanced, like other account books, annually.

'In the theological notions of the Budhists there are some very curious tenets, which must have been derived originally from the source of all truth. They hold that 'Fo is one person but has three forms.' The name of this Trinity is Budha, Dharmat and Sanga. Besides this triad of forms in their one supreme divinity, the Budhists like all other idolators, worship a host of gods and goddesses, that are enough to make the heart sicken at the folly and brutishing of man in his unaided reachings forth after spiritual good.

'The paradise of Fo holds out only sensual indulgence to worshippers of the god.

The priests of this religion are extremely ignorant; scarcely a scholar can be found among them. Many of them cannot read, and most of those who can, know nothing even of the language in which their sacred books are written, beyond the sound of a few favorite words and phrases. 'To the repetition of the bare sounds,' says Dr. Milne, 'without regard to the meaning they attach the highest importance; hence they occasionally go over the same words hundreds and thousands of times. I once asked a priest, 'What advantage can you expect to derive from merely repeating a number of words, with the sense of which you are entirely unacquainted?' His answer, 'True, I do not know the sense—it is profound and mysterious; yet the benefits of oft repeating the sounds is incalculable; it is infinite.'

'The Tauo or Rational religion is indigenous in China. Laou-teze, the founder of the sect, was contemporary with Confucius; and some suppose that much of his celebrity has arisen from the fact that he was once honored with a visit from the sage. He has been called the Epicurus of China, and in some points there would seem to be a resemblance between the doctrines of the Chinese and the Grecian philosopher. The intelligible part of his system consists in the inculcation of a contempt of riches, fame, pleasure, and all worldly distinctions. He placed the chief good in tranquillity and self enjoyment. Along with these dogmas there is mixed up much that is mystical, puerile, and silly.

But the present article has been already extended to a length that forbids our going into the revolting and heart-sickening details of the Taou system of faith and worship. The priests of this sect pretend to a knowledge of alchymy, practise magic, and seem, in fact, to be a set of mere cheats and jugglers, ignorant, grovelling, lazy, and without influence.'

DANGEROUS FRIENDS.—Christian, thou knowest thou carriest gunpowder about thee, desire those that carry fire to keep at a distance from thee; 'tis a dangerous crisis when a proud heart meets with flattering lips; take away the fire, (said a holy divine of Germany, when his friends commended him upon his deathbed,) for I have yet combustible matter about me. Faithful, reasonable, discreet reproofs, are much more safe to us, and advantageous to our mortifying work; but alas, how few have the boldness or wisdom duly to administer them. It is said of Alexander, that he bid a philosopher (who had been long with him,)to be gone; for said he, so long hast thou been with me, and never reproved me, which must needs be thy fault, for either thou sawest nothing in me worthy of reproof, which argues thy ignorance; or else, thou durst not reprove me, which argues thy unfaithfulness.—*Flavel.*

THE GLOW WORM.

There was a beautiful garden full of all lovely flowers, and bright, glossy, green leaves, beside ripe and luscious fruit, and many bearing trees. In it there were mossy and twining paths, where the shade was cool in the summer noon, and soft sleeping lawns, where the shadows slept at even tide. There were bowers hidden with clustering clematis, and hung with rich garlands of the bright passion flowers. There was a lulling tone of falling waters, where a fountain arose amid the brightest sunbeams. It was lovely at dew-fall to breathe that fragrant air, and the heart was very glad for the exceeding sweetness.

Now it was evening in that garden, and many dew-drops rested on the flowers. But one, though it lay amid the leaves of a soft young rose whose heart the sun had not as yet seen, was unmindful of all around.

For when last the sun had sunk between the western boughs, the dew-drop had fallen on the open lawn—and far above the blue space a star beam had penetrated its being.

And henceforth the star became all the world unto the clear dew-drop that had felt its beauty. And night seemed short while the dew lay beneath the stars. But morning came—one by one the stars advanced to greet the early dawn, and as they kissed her fair forehead they vanished away. So then the dews arose, and passed away also, until evening again.

All the day long the sun smiled on the garden; but the hours of shadow came out of the East, and their soft wings uncovered the earth.

All the night time the dew-drop looked on the star of its love—steadfastly but humbly; for it said 'I am unworthy.'

For the dew-drop knew not that pure love maketh noble the heart where it abideth.—and the dew-drop knew not that affection is truest life.

But it loved on. All the night time it gazed upward unchangingly.

And many nights shone in Heaven o'er a resting earth; and ever the same did they pass, unto the dew-drop that worshipped the star.

Only the dew-drop was more and more filled with her love—she no more thought of her unworthiness, she had no thought of the perfection of beauty—there was no more fear within her.

Now, from on high, the star had seen the soul of the dew-drop—from the first it was bright and clear.

And it saw how the dew-drop was steadfast and true, and the star knew how the power of its love was creating yet more beauty—so that it grew noble, as that which was beloved.

And the star loved the dew-drop, and it was without shame, for its whole being was filled with a devoted affection.

And behold when the dew-drop knew this, a new life seemed burning within her, and around her on the moss shone a pale but blessed light. When the daylight is coming it passes away, but now, ever again at even-tide, it is filled with life and light.

And those that saw her called her a Glow-worm.

GEMS FOR MINISTERS.

The sacred ministry is not a state of idleness or of pleasure, but a holy warfare, in which there are always toils and fatigues to be endured. Whoever is not resolved courageously to maintain the interests of Christ, and to labor continually to enlarge his kingdom, is not fit for this warfare.—*Quesnel.*

You are shepherds, and must know all your sheep, and what is their disease, and mark their strayings, and help to cure them, and fetch them home.—*Baxter.*

It has been observed by some eminent divines, that ministers are seldom honored with much success, unless they are continually aiming at the conversion of sinners.—*Dr. Owen.*

Preachers, by making light of common truths and indulging in a spirit of curious speculation, will render preaching rather an entertainment, than a benefit to the soul.—*A. Fuller.*

For a person to leave public worship in raptures with the minister's abilities is no proof that he has received spiritual benefit.—*A. Booth.*

Keep not your religion for the pulpit; have it at heart and at hand, at dinner and at tea, and let every occurrence furnish you with a subject for spiritual improvement.—*Cor. Winter.*

The puritans visited their flocks by Louse-row; the visits were short; they talked a little for God, and then concluded with prayer to God.—*Berridge.*

Let us speak to our people as for their lives.—*Baxter.*

VISITING THE POOR.

How are Christians valued and preferred by externals rather than by internals? By gold rings, by outward honors and privileges, rather than by their graces! How do many of the rich contemn the poor? How are the poor neglected in visits? You go to the houses of the rich, but seldom go over the threshold of the poor; and what did Christ say to you? 'When thou makest a dinner or supper, call not thy friends, lest they bid thee again; but when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.' Oh! how seldom do professors value as God doth. Let rich professors be sick, or under any other stroke of God's hand, what ado is there! But how are the poor of the Church, or out of the Church, despised. And yet the Lord is not ashamed to call such brethren. 'It will not serve us, nor save us,' saith a late Bishop of England, 'to be able to say Abraham is our father, except we will charitably acknowledge the poorest Christian, even Lazarus, for our brother.' Paul durst know no man after the flesh; yet dare you esteem men by their fleshly greatness in the world.—*Stuckley.*

SELECT SENTENCES OF HALL.

'He is a rare man that is not wise in his own conceit, and that says not within himself, I see more than my neighbors.

'An ambitious man is the greatest enemy to himself, he torments himself with hopes, desires and cares which might be avoided and he would live quietly.

'The only way to peace and truth, is genuine humility.

'The church is most happy when truth and peace kiss each other; or most miserable when they meet not, or meet and do not embrace each other.

'I love peace well, but truth better; yet I would rather not contend for a minor truth, than disturb the common peace.

'The godly sow in tears and reap in joy. Seed time is commonly wet and lowering, but I will be content with a wet Spring, if I may but reap a joyful harvest.

'Men are commonly valued for their dignity or desert; amongst fools, the first without the second is sufficient; amongst wise men, the second without the first.

'My rule shall be, to desire nothing but what is necessary to life, and to account that good which does me good.'

[From the Gospel Messenger.]

THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

The following beautiful and pathetic letter was written by Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, who was beheaded on the 12th of May, 1641,—the troublous times of Charles the 1st. It was addressed to his son the day previous to the execution. Well were it that every father could thus address his child, as he was leaving the world. Well were it if every young person would regard such advice, whether given by his own parent or not.

'My dearest Will,—These are the last lines that you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you. I wish there were a greater leisure to impart my mind unto you; but our merciful God will supply all things by his grace, and guide and protect you in all your ways; to whose infinite goodness I bequeath you; and therefore be not discouraged, but serve him, and trust in him, and he will preserve and prosper you in all things. Be sure you give all respect to my wife, that hath ever had a great love unto you, and therefore will be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your love and care to your sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you; for this will give others cause to esteem and respect you for it, and is a duty that you owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myself. Therefore your care and affection to them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself, and the like regard must you have to your youngest sister; for indeed you owe it her also, both for her father and mother's sake.

'Sweet Will, be careful to take the advice of those friends which are by me desired to advise you for your education. Serve God diligently morning and evening; and recommend yourself unto him, and have him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the instruction of those friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counsel; for till you come by time to have experience in the world, it will be far more safe to trust to their judgment than your own.

'Lose not the time of your youth, but gather those seeds of virtue and knowledge which may be of use to yourself, and comfort to your friends, for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereunto with patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down, but with cheerfulness and good courage go on the race you have to run in all sobriety and truth. Be sure with an hallowed care to have respect to all the commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least things, lest by degrees you come to forget them in the greatest; for the heart of man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than pensively; for God loves a cheerful giver. For your religion let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those which are in God's church; the proper teachers, therefore, rather than that you never either fancy one to yourself, or be led by men that are singular in their own opinions, and delight to go in ways of their own finding out: for you will certainly find soberness and truth in the one, and much unsteadiness and vanity in the other.

'You must not fail to behave yourself towards your grandmother, with all duty and obedience; for most tenderly doth she love you, and hath been passing kind unto me. God reward her charity for it! And both in this and all the rest, the same that I counsel you, the same do I direct also to your sisters, that so the same may be observed by you all. And from my very soul, I beseech our gracious God to bless and govern you in all, to the saving you in the day of his visitation, and join us again in the communion of his blessed saints, where is fulness of joy and bliss for evermore.

'Be sure to avoid, as much as you can, to inquire after those that have been sharp in their judgments towards me, and I charge you never to suffer thought of revenge to enter your heart. But be careful to be informed who were my friends in this prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your friends also; and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your conversation amongst them. And God Almighty, of his infinite goodness, bless you and your children's children; and his same goodness bless your sisters in like manner, purfect you in every good work, and give you right understanding in all things. Amen.

Your most loving father,

T. WENTWORTH.

Tower, May, 11, 1641.

For the Register and Observer.

THE NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.

Mr Editor,—I perceive by the papers, that there are serious doubts entertained by the members of Congress, whether the settlement of the North Eastern boundary will be accomplished by the present commissioners who are engaged in attempting to do it. We have seen the folly of making no arrangements for a definite determination of that line between our Nation and the English Provinces. It is clear to some minds, and always has been, that the two governments never will agree. The United States have declared that they will never recede from the opinion they have formed, and it is not at all likely that the British Government will recede from their determinations on the subject. What then is to be done? *Fight, Fight.* This is the cry, and there are men high in office and influence who cry *fight.* Senators in Congress, Representatives in Congress all cry *fight.* And if one happens to plead for delay, for consideration, for new expedients—the whole press as well as his colleagues are out upon him. This is history—we have only to read the doings and sayings of the last Congress to know it. It becomes the *people* therefore, to speak on this subject in season. There is a choice here to be made. There is no need of war. What good would it do? Suppose we were to fight and spend $2,000-000,000 in the contest, we should be no nearer the settlement of the question than we now are. I know nothing about the right or wrong of the case. I am not about to discuss the question, where the true boundary line is, my object is to call upon the Christian community to rise in their might and prevent war—cruel, bloody, demoralizing war. The remedy is simple. Leave the decision of the question to a third party, appeal to *reason*, not to *iron* to settle a question of Geography. I know I shall be told that this has been done, and without avail. But to whom was the appeal made? To one competent to decide? I would not speak disrespectfully of Majesty, but with all due deference to heads wearing crowns, I would say that a king is not the person to settle a question of geography or engineering—I say nothing respecting his liability to be biassed in favor of one or the other of the parties, of the liability of his becoming dependent upon one or the other of them, for perhaps his own crown before he has settled the question. I pass this all by, and I say this, a king is not the man to settle boundary lines. In settling a question in surgery, I would as soon appeal to a blacksmith, or in determining a disputed point in theology to a physician. There are bodies of men who make it their business to examine and discuss such questions, who are engaged in surveying, and making maps,—to them appeal.

And this is the proposition that I would make to the country, to England, to the world.

Refer the question respecting our North Eastern boundary to the Royal Institute of France, and the Board of Civil Engineers of that country.

These are associations which are accustomed to examining questions of this nature—to them appeal and abide by their decision whether it be for us, or against us.

I appeal to the good sense, not to say Christian spirit of this community on this subject, and ask if they are ready that this nation should plunge into war—when, as in this case, there is no need of it. Are you willing to send howling over the land, men of death, or over the ocean the roar of destruction? I make this appeal because there seems to be a disposition to engage in war. *Because our Rulers seem to thirst for blood.* Because the astonishing braggartism of the last session of Congress leads me to hope for nothing, from those whose business it is to do everything.

I ask the Christian community if they are ready to meet such a calamity as ever? Are you willing that the country should be hung with sackcloth and sprinkled with blood? If not, act, speak with a voice of calmness yet of firmness shall cause our Legislators to know that they will not be countenanced if they plunge the nations into such a dire calamity? I close with the words of Franklin. 'I hope that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason, and reason enough to settle their differences without cutting throats; for, in my opinion, their never was a good war, or a bad peace. All wars are *follies*, very expensive, and very mischievous ones. When will mankind be convinced of this and agree to settle their differences by *arbitration*? Were they to do it *even by the cast of a die* it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other.'*

If my life and health are spared, I shall endeavor to continue my remarks upon some kindred topics.

Yours, &c. E. P. S.

*Sparks' Franklin, vol. ix. pp. 476, 547.

For the Register and Observer.

DEWEY ON THE ATONEMENT.

Definite views of what Unitarians believe respecting the subject of the atonement, I never have been able to obtain, until the publication of Mr Dewey's last volume of controverted subjects on theology. To me, and it may be presumed to thousands of others, his expositions and illustrations upon these subjects have afforded great satisfaction. Abundance has been written and published respecting what Unitarians do not believe, until their adversaries have charged them with holding to not'ng but a system of negations, while m[illegible] who have been friendly; yet seriously [illegible]sed, have doubted whether they held to a[illegible] views of the death of Christ which would administer to devotion, or impart that spiritual influence or moral power which they have derived from the inspired writings upon this subject.

I rejoice that Mr Dewey has undertaken to refute these charges and to remove these doubts. No sermon I ever read answers the purposes above specified, better than his, on the doctrine before us. He represents the doctrine of atonement as a manifestation of the great love of our Father in heaven for us, as an exhibition of his grace, as expressing the divine solicitude for the recovery of the lost and sinful inhabitants of this alienated world to holiness and heav[illegible] Such also is the declaration of the apostle, 'God hath commended his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' These views afford all that nutriment which a pious mind can crave, and I am satisfied. It may indeed be strongly doubted whether the most pious of any denomination would be able to give an account of any influence or benefit, or good which they have derived from the contemplation of the death of Christ [illegible]ove what may be derived from these views. How can a faith that he died to cancel a debt incurred by transgression afford any peculiar consolation or practical benefit? The only benefits to be derived from the sufferings and death of our Savior are the motives they exhibit, the sanctified influence they impart, the sympathy they awaken, the relentings they call forth, the purposes of heart which they form, the holy vigor they inspire, and the sure hope they establish in the soul of certain victory and of a recompense in heaven at last.

Let then the views Mr Dewey has presented of this preeminently important subject be exhibited by our Unitarian clergy, and hold that place in their instructions which this theme does in the gospel. By so doing, it may be confiden ly hoped, tha the prejudice of other sects would be in a measure moderated, and their own cause greatly extended and blessed.

E. R.

North Marshfield, Jan. 16.

For the Register and Observer.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMER LEXINGTON.

'We know not what a day may bring forth.'

Fled like the horrors of a fearful dream,
The secrets of that dark and awful night.
The sun in glorious majesty went down,
Shedding the splendors of his parting beam
O'er the expanse of sky, and land, and sea.
Forth on the yielding wave, the bounding bark,
Exulting as an uncaged bird to cleave
With golden wing its airy element,
Moved in the pride of queenly dignity.
And hearts beat there whose gems of truth and love
Outshone the wealth of Eastern argosy.
Hope, the fond priestess at affection's shrine,
Awaited each returning wanderer,
While Love grew breathless from excess of bliss.

How little know we, when the heart beats high
With joy's untold, unutterable strength,
What the dim future has in store, to blight
Life's fairest bloom, and hope's most radiant dreams!
Morn broke in glory, where the sun had set
In peace. That gallant bark, which proudly trod
Her onward path, and seemed to set at nought
The strength of man, and almost to repel
In scorn, the arm of the Omnipotent,
Where had it vanished, with its wealth of mind?
Had the pure breeze of Heaven with gentle breath
Borne it in triumph to its destined port?
Had heart met heart in bliss, around that shrine
Made sacred by the hallowing name of home?

Not such the dark reality. But grief
Imprints no trace upon the treacherous wave,
Nor leaves its record on the sea-washed sand,
Else might a pen of living flame have stamped,
Deeply, indelibly, its impress there.
What precious hopes were blighted, what sweet dreams
Were to the hours of waking anguish changed,
When goodness, beauty, youth, and age were borne
Trophies to gem the silent halls of death!
Thither the pride of manhood, and the grace
Of matron beauty, and the uncounted wealth,
Garnered within a mother's love, went down,
The eagle glance of youth, the fearless eye
Of childhood's holy confidence are closed
In that hushed sleep, which knows no waking hour,
Save in the clime where death is all unknown.

And thou, O Man of God! what yearning thoughts
Cluster around thy lowly ocean-grave?
What fervour of devotion, what sublime
And spirit stirring powers of mind, were thine,
Thy voice, as though an angel's harp had lent
The music of its chords to mortal tongue,
Fell on the listening ear and charmed the soul.
We hear no more its meek yet earnest tones,
In fervent prayer within God's earthly courts.
Amid angelic hosts, thy strains are heard
Hymning the praises of the Eternal One.
Nor by his side, thy Brother and thy Friend,
Shall calmly rest thy precious ashes, where
Mount Auburn sheds its perfume on the breeze,
Wooing earth's pilgrim traveller to repose,
Mid Spring's sweet bloom and Autumn's glorious hues,
On the calm bosom of his mother earth.
Love on the marble cenotaph shall raise
The spotless record of thy faithfulness,
While nature rears its monument of waves
Above the nameless spot where sleeps thy dust.

Rest ye in peace, ye sleepers of the deep!
Oft shall the tear-dimmed eye, as pensive eve
Sheds o'er the soul sweet memories of the past,
Turn to that lone and lowly resting place,
While faith reposes in implicit trust
On the sure promise of omnipotence.
The sea shall yield its dead, and buried Love
And Love left sorrowing o'er its wreck of bliss,
Shall meet in rapture.

So tread on
The remnant of your earthly pilgrimage,
Ye who have seen life's fairest hopes decay,
Counting each cloud that lowers above your head,
But as a curtaining veil, which death shall rend,
And to His children's eye the smile reveal
Of Love Divine. Viewing each thorn that mars
Your pathway, as a flower to make more bright
The amaranth wreath which crowns the sons of God.
None are so near the golden gate of Heaven,
As those whose spirits have been rendered pure,
By sanctified afflictions. So pass on,
Till ye awake from earth's short, feverish dream,
To share the blissful day which knows no night.

Y. L. E.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

I asked of you last week, the favor to publish a page or two of Mr Norton's reply to Alumnus; one remark which I should have made, I neglected to insert. Alumnus on the 105th page of his letter, cites with severe condemnation the following passages from Mr Norton's discourse. 'The full comprehension of the character and Evidences of Christianity is the *result of studies which are pursued only by few*, and the many want capacity or opportunity to satisfy themselves on the subject by their unassisted exertions' (page 57). It is said that a *great majority of men are not capable* of investigating for themselves the evidences and character of Christianity, and therefore, can have no reasonable foundation for this belief in Christianity. The direct answer is, that trust *in the information, judgment and integrity of others* to a greater or less extent, as it is a universal and necessary is also a rational principle of belief. Who would have conjectured, that these paragraphs, were selected from a note to the Discourse, the object of which, was to show, that though much learning was indeed necessary, to have a thorough understanding of the Scriptures, yet the want of it was supplied to those who had not the opportunity of personal examination and collation by their just trust in the result of the studies of others, and that the first quotation, commencing in the middle of a sentence should have begun, 'It cannot therefore, be any objection to any truth whatever, and consequently not to the truth of Christianity' that the full comprehension, &c. &c.; and, that the last sentence, if completed, would have been, 'after the words rational principle of belief,' 'very much more might be said to show the false view of the subject implied in that objection, and to make it evident that every one, accustomed to thought and reasoning, may *without any Theological learning*, strictly so called, be able to satisfy himself of the truths of Christianity!' and these statements so simple and undeniable are made the subject of rebuke to Mr Norton and induce the assertion by Alumnus, as if in derision, that the great majority of the people accordingly having no power to perceive the intrinsic divinity of Christian truth, to behold the glory of God in the character of Christ, are doomed, by the very nature of the case, to dependence on the learned class, for the foundation of their faith. I know there are those who teach that Christianity taught nothing new, that it was coeval with man's existence, but there are others who rest its origin on the advent of Jesus Christ; they refer to what is recorded of his works and teachings as to the *word of God*; they know that this word, as coming to them, is derived from the collation of ancient manuscripts which they have never seen, that it is derived through the medium of translations from languages which they do not understand, and in sober truth, what other principle of belief can they have than exactly what Mr Norton states? Their only rational principle of belief *must* be, trust in the information, judgment and integrity of others. It were idle to deny any other principle for the belief under the influence of which baptism, and the other ordinances of Christianity, are administered in this country, and it is upon this principle of trust, in the information, judgment and integrity of others, that Alumnus himself asserts of our Savior, (page 114), that he was content to entrust the record of his history with unlettered disciples, who were drawn to the cross by the spirit of the Father, &c. &c. And yet he would insinuate that this learning may even be pernicious, and so far forget what is due to himself as to state, (page 97) 'That it is well if we do not spend many years in proving that the gospels were written by the person whose names they bear, (the gentleman to whom he writes, having recently written a most learned work for that very object,) while we have no insight into the divine truth which beams from these pages.'

[Selected for the Register.]

The Apostle James adduces instances of Elijah's success in prayer, as an encouragement to us to persevere in it, and to believe that we also shall not fail of being answered, if we only pray in faith; because 'the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much.' And indeed, who can recount all the wondrous instances in which the truth of this declaration has been realized! Through prayer, Moses turned away the fierce wrath of the Almighty from Israel; with outstretched arms he smote the host of Amalek; and Manoah, by the voice of his cry, drew down a visible manifestation of the Divine presence in human form. Through prayer at Mizpah, the prophet Samuel smote the army of the Philistines, and caused the thunder of terror to roll over Israel's foes. Through prayer, Josiah the prince died in peace. Through prayer, fifteen years were added to Hezekiah's life; the three men were preserved in the burning, fiery furnace; and to Daniel it was said by Gabriel, 'I am come because of thy words.' At the prayer of the brethren on the day of Pentecost, the heavens were opened; and, another time, after they had prayed, the place where they were assembled, was shaken, and all were filled with the Holy Ghost. Prayer burst the fetters of Peter, and broke open the doors of his prison. Prayer rebuked storms, healed the sick, and brought back the dead to life. And what shall I say more of the power, the wonders, and the performances of prayer, —the whole Scripture is full of them—all christendom would be full of them, were there more prayers in our Zion, and more of this incense on our public, family, and private altars. But prayer sleeps amongst us; for what we call praying, morning and evening, according to custom—the sleepy, dull and heartless repetition of devotional language—does not deserve the name of prayer. Keep these ceremonious compliments to yourselves; the Lord does not want such service. The confessions of the broken and contrite heart, the cry of the humble, the expression of real, godly sorrow, the opening of our cares to our heavenly Father, the breathings of grateful love, the acknowledgment of dependance on the name of Jesus—these are the things which go to constitute true prayer.

Followers of the Lord Jesus Christ—ye who are not ashamed of him and his gospel—pray that the spirit of grace and supplication may be poured out upon you; and then ask what you will, it shall be done for you. He that 'cannot lie' has promised it. Only ask in the name of Jesus Christ, as children of God, by faith in him, trusting in God's faithfulness to his promises, and you will certainly succeed at last. Too often we omit to notice God's answer to our prayers, otherwise how often should we find to our glad astonishment, that, at the time of our supplication, the commandment had gone forth to help us. Therefore let the call to prayer be ever regarded by us as the invitation to an unspeakable privilege. 'Continue instant in prayer.' Pray in the spirit, in the Holy Ghost, and not in your own self-sufficiency, and you will pray with power. Pray for yourselves, pray for all, and pray with faith and expectation; for in the immutable word, that word which must survive both heaven and earth, it stands recorded, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.'

SELF-IGNORANCE.—It is strange to think how sound, and clear, and distinct a man's judgment will be against those evils in others, which yet he seeth not in himself. How many christians will be able to decipher the nature of some vices and unveil the evils of them, and be quick sighted to espy the least appearance of them in another, and to condemn it; and yet so partial are they in judging themselves, self-love so purblinds them in this reflection, that they cannot discern that in themselves, which others cannot but perceive.

METHODIST MISSIONS IN SOUTH AMERICA.—The Methodists have sent several Missionaries to South America, but their success, it seems, has not, as yet, equalled their hopes. The Wesleyan Journal has the following reference to a recent letter from Rev. W. H. Norris, Missionary to Monte Video, S. A. 'Though quite an interesting communication, his letter gives no very flattering prospects of any immediate success in the attainment of the object of his mission. Probably none of our Missions present so few encouraging indications as those in S. A.'

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 15, 1840.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S GUIDE TO EXCELLENCE. By Wm. A. Alcott.

We have no great respect for this class of books and hope the storm, in which they have poured upon us for the last few years, will soon be over. May the kind heavens grant that this be one of the *small* drops of the retiring cloud. Does a young women want directions in all she does, speaks, feels and thinks? Must she take out (we suppose there can be no doubt she has one in her pocket) and consult these modern gospels at every step she takes? Can she not *properly* laugh, or cry, or sigh, or smile amid God's smiling works, or bathe her brows in morning's dew, or drink in the influence of night's stars, till she sees how the mode, time and season are nominated in the book? She must be born not of God—but of the will of man, must she? She must become a creature of rules. The high and holy tendencies and impulses of her nature, must be moulded and directed by these mighty masters, must they? A few paltry precepts will do *the work.* The universe—stored with varied, rich and holy influences may be laid upon the shelf. *A guide* is sufficient, much more portable and convenient. Righteousness no longer springs forth from the earth and looks down from the heavens. Its energies flow in living streams from the pages of these *precious* productions. The spirit that clothes the soul with beauty and power, no longer walks abroad freely like the wind. It is caught and tamed and under the hands of keepers. It is doled out in precise quantities. These modern high priests deal it out at pleasure. They so perfectly understand all the laws, attributes and capabilities of an immortal nature, that they know precisely how to apply the agencies requisite to promote its blessedness and exaltation. The things which angels desire to look into, *they* see through at a glance. The mysteries of Godliness and redemption are commonplace matters. To ripen souls is the most ordinary business—fools cannot err therein. The strait and narrow way is laid over with iron-rails. The highways of eternity are crowded with locomotives. The hissing of steam is heard in the streets of the eternal cities. The righteousness of law every where triumphs. Faith is of none effect. But by works of law shall no man, woman or young lady be justified. If she would gain acceptance on high it must be through faith—the free activity of her highest faculties and affections.

The Young Woman's Guide to Excellence! A modest assumption, indeed! Socrates, you were a shallow old man. You only ventured to inquire in regard to this matter. Here now is a nice little book, *manufactured* probably in some two or three weeks, that dispatches it most admirably—not to say satisfactorily. The march of mind is truly wonderful. What revelations are made unto babes? The foolish *do* sadly confound the wise. The author is pressing rapidly towards the mark of his *high calling.* Why have martyrs bled? Tears in lone gardens, prayers on the mountains of suffering humanity, blood streaming from crosses, the washing of regeneration, the baptism of fire and the holy spirit are superseded. Here is an infallible guide to excellence. The author *may* understand some things pretty well. But we much doubt if he has any vocation to minister to the spiritual growth and perfection of young ladies. There are probably many things between heaven and earth, and in *their* spirits, that he has not *dreamed* of. They do not need such aid. *If they do* they will never rise to any high excellence—they will never shine like stars in the moral firmament.

If they will pardon our boldness, we will advise them to trust for guidance to their own pure and warm hearts, to the example and loveliness of Jesus, to the teachings and inspiration of God, who dwells in them, to the breathing thoughts and burning words of prophets and apostles, and to the influences and impressions of that universe, of which they form so beautiful and harmonious a portion. One of the fine and noble impulses, that fill their gentle bosoms, followed, obeyed with the generous, heroic devotion so peculiarly their own, will do more for them than all these guides can effect. We have spoken* in a tone and manner we seldom employ. But we could find none more appropriate in which to say what we wished to say. Our temper was never in a better condition. But we feel something like indignation when the deep things of God are irreverently approached.

Emperic physicians of souls deserve no tolerance. Mechanism spreads apace. But let it not profanely approach those celestial regions in which are heard and felt the infinite, poetic harmonies and symphonies that issue from man's spiritual relations and destinies.

MR WINTHROP'S ADDRESS before the New England Society, in the city of New York, Dec. 22d, 1839.

The address is such as might have been expected from the reputation of the author, appropriate, beautiful, eloquent. It is a worthy tribute to the character of the pilgrims from a worthy descendant. The writer or speaker, who succeeds to the extent of not injuring the feelings and impressions of those, whose delight it is to honor and reverence that glorious company, is most fortunate. As to adding any thing to the fervor and depth of these feelings, or the greatness and sublimity of these impressions—few can so poorly understand their powers or subject us to hope or attempt.

The first passage we give enables us to perceive some features of the Reformation as introduced into England. Henry the VIII. hated the Pope because he would not permit him to put away a wife getting a little old, and take to himself a young and pretty one. He therefore determined to be himself the Pope of his own dominions. This was the extent of his protestantism. Its true principles have never been admitted into that church. It has ever denounced and opposed them. Its whole spirit and structure are in dereliction of them. It is nothing but popery in garments a little modified. Nearly the same may be said of the dissenters. The temper and spirit of popery lurks and reigns in every sect. The superscription of the old dragon is upon them. They are all baptized with the same baptism—stumbling, snarling, contending upon the same dark mountains of human assumption and authority. They all array themselves against God and his Christ. They all war against the soul's free motions and fetter the mind's free thoughts. They are children of the same bad father, the seat of whose empire is Babylon, the Great. Our Orthodox brethren claim to be the true sons of the pilgrims. But is the claim just? *They* left all, braved all, endured all for the sake of freedom in the worship of God. Have we not suffered something for the same privilege? Are we not contending for the same glorious principles? Are we not *finishing* the work they began? Are we not walking in the footsteps of these illustrious men? We put forth the claim with confidence. We are true to the blood that fires our hearts and bids us never to be weary in doing well—in contending for truth and right. We venture to hope that their venerated and glorified forms, bend, in approbation, from heaven over us. When New England becomes the abode and asylum of unchecked and unmolested religious freedom, then, and not till then, will their great enterprise be accomplished, then will the pilgrim's crown receive its highest lustre. They are recreant who oppose us.

'The daughter of Ann Bullen could not fail to cherish a most hearty and implacable hatred towards that Church, in defiance of whose thunders she was conceived and cradled, and in the eye and open declaration of which she was a bastard, a heretic, an outlaw and an usurper. So far, at any rate, Elizabeth was a friend to the Reformation. But she had almost as little notion as her Father, of any reformation which reached beyond releasing her dominions from the authority of the Pope, and establishing herself at the head of the Church. And, accordingly, the very first year of her reign was marked by the enactment of Laws, exacting, under the severest penalties, conformity to the doctrines and discipline of the English Church—a policy which she never relinquished.

For a violation of these Laws and others of subsequent enactment but of similar import, a large number of persons in her kingdom, whose minds had been too thoroughly inspired with disgust for the masks and mummeries of Catholic worship, to be content with a bare renunciation of the temporal or spiritual authority of the Pope, were arrested, imprisoned, and treated with all manner of persecution. At least six of them were capitally executed, and two of these, as it happened, were condemned to death by that very Lord Chief Justice, whom we have seen a few years afterwards, at the head of the Plymouth Company, engaged in so earnest but unavailing an effort to colonize the New England Coast. Little did he know that his part in that work had been already performed.

In an imaginary 'Dialogue between some Young Men born in New England and sundry Ancient Men that came out of Holland and Old England,' written in 1648 by Gov. Bradford—a name which before all others should be this day remembered with veneration—the Young Men are represented as asking of the Old Men, how many Separatists had been executed. 'We know certainly of six,' replied the ancient men, 'that were publicly executed, besides such as died in prisons. * * * Two of them were condemned by cruel Judge Popham, whose countenance and carriage was very rough and severe towards them, with many sharp menaces. But God gave them courage to bear it, and to make this answer:—

'My Lord, your face we fear not,
And for your threats we care not,
And to come to your read service we dare not.'

Nor did King James depart from the footsteps of his predecessor in the religious policy of his administration. Though from his Scotch education and connections, and from the opinions which he had openly avowed before coming to the English throne, he had seemed pledged to a career of liberality and toleration, yet no sooner was he fairly seated on that throne than he, too, set about vindicating his claim to his new title of 'Defender of the Faith,' and enforcing conformity to the rites and ceremonies of the English Church. And he cut short a conference at Hampton Court, between himself and the Puritan leaders, got up at his own instigation in the vainglorious idea that he could vanquish these heretics in an argument, with this summary and most significant declaration —'If this be all they have to say, I will make them conform, *or I will hurry them out of the land.*'*

In the following passage Mr Winthrop vindicates his fitness to speak of the pilgrims. He is capable of perceiving the source of their heroic fortitude and invincible faith.

'I fear not to be charged with New England bigotry or Puritan fanaticism in alluding to the Power which was over the Pilgrims in their humble but heroic enterprise. If Washington, in reviewing the events of our Revolutionary history, could say to the American Armies as he quitted their command, that 'the singular interpositions of Providence in our feeble condition were such as could scarcely escape the attention of the most unobserving,' and again to the American Congress, on first assuming the administration of the Union, that 'every step by which the People of the United States had advanced to the character of an Independent Nation seemed to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency,' how much less can any one be in danger of subjecting himself to the imputation of indulging in a wild conceit or yielding to a weak superstition, by acknowledging, by asserting, a Divine intervention in the history of New England Colonization. It were easy, it is true, to convey the same sentiment in more fashionable phraseology—to disguise an allusion to a Wonder-working Providence under the name of an extraordinary Fortune, or cloak the idea of a Divine appointment under the title of a lucky accident. But I should feel that I dishonored the memory of our New England sires, and deserved the rebuke of their assembled sons, were I, on an occasion like the present, to resort to such miserable paltering.

No—I see something more than mere fortunate accidents or extraordinary coincidences in the whole discovery and colonization of our Country—in the age at which these events took place, in the People by whom they were effected, and more especially in the circumstances by which they were attended, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if ever I am ashamed to say so!

When I reflect that this entire Hemisphere of ours remained so long in a condition of primeval barbarism—that the very existence of its vast Continents was so long concealed from the knowledge of civilized man—that these colossal mountains so long lifted their summits to the sky and cast their shadows across the earth —that these gigantic rivers so long poured their mighty, matchless waters to the sea—that these magnificent forests so long waved their unrivalled foliage to the winds, and these luxuriant fields and prairies so long spread out their virgin sods before the sun—without a single intelligent human being to enjoy, to admire, or even to behold them—when I reflect to what heights of civilization, ambition and power so many of the Nations of the Old World were successively advanced, reaching a perfection in some branches of art and of science which has destined their very ruins to be the wonder, the delight, the study and the models of mankind for ever, and pushing their Commerce and their Conquests over sea and shore with an energy so seemingly indomitable and illimitable, and yet that these seas and these shores, reserved for other Argonauts than those of Greece and other Eagles than those of Rome, were protected alike from the reach of their arts and their arms, from their rage for glory and their lust for spoils—* * *—when I reflect upon the momentous changes in the institutions of society and in the instruments of human power, which were crowded within the period which was ultimately signalized by this discovery and this settlement—*the press*, by its magic enginery, breaking down every barrier and annihilating every monopoly in the paths of knowledge, and proclaiming all men equal in the arts of peace—*gunpowder*, by its tremendous properties, undermining the moated castles and rending asunder the plaited mail of the lordly Chieftains, and making all men equal on the field of battle —*the Bible*, rescued from its unknown tongues, its unauthorized interpretations and its unworthy perversions, opened at length in its original simplicity and purity to the world, and proving that all men were born free and equal in the eye of God—when I see learning reviving from its lethargy of centuries, religion reasserting its native majesty, and liberty—liberty itself—thus armed and thus attended, starting up anew to its long suspended career, and exclaiming, as it were, in the confidence of its new instruments and its new auxiliaries—'Give me now a place to stand upon—a place free from the interference of established power, a place free from the embarrassment of ancient abuses, a place free from the paralyzing influence of a jealous and overbearing prerogative—*give me but a place to stand upon and I will move the world*'—I cannot oonsider it, I cannot call it, a mere fortunate coincidence, that then, at that very instant, the veil of waters was lifted up, that place revealed, and the world moved!

And when, lastly, I reflect on the circumstances under which this settlement was in the end effected, on that part of the coast, more especially, which exerted a paramount influence on the early destinies of the Continent, and gave the first unequivocal assurance that virtue and industry and freedom were here to find a refuge and here to found themselves an empire—when I behold a feeble company of exiles, quitting the strange land to which persecution had forced them to flee, entering with so many sighs and sobs and partings and prayers on a voyage so full of perils at the best, but rendered a hundred fold more perilous by the unusual severities of the season and the absolute unseaworthiness of their ship, arriving in the depth of winter on a coast to which even their pilot was a perfect stranger, and where 'they had no friends to welcome them, no inns to entertain them, no houses, much less towns, to repair unto for succor,' but where,—instead of friends, shelter or refreshment,—famine, exposure, the wolf, the savage, disease and death seemed waiting for them—and yet accomplishing an end which Royalty and patronage, the love of dominion and of gold, individual adventure and corporate enterprise had so long essayed in vain, and founding a Colony which was to defy alike the machinations and the menaces of Tyranny, in all periods of its history—it needs not, it needs not, that I should find the coral pathway of the sea laid bare, and its waves a wall upon the right hand and the left, and the crazed chariot wheels of the oppressor floating in fragments upon its closing floods, to feel, to realize, that higher than human was the Power which presided over the Exodus of the Pilgrim Fathers!

Was it not something more than the ignorance or the self-will of an earthly and visible Pilot, which, instead of conducting them to the spot which they had deliberately selected—the very spot on which we are now assembled—the banks of your own beautiful Hudson, of which they had heard so much during their sojourn in Holland, but which were then swarming with a host of horrible savages—guided them to a coast, which though bleaker and far less hospitable in its outward aspect, had yet by an extraordinary epidemic, but a short time previous, been almost completely cleared of its barbarous tenants? Was it not something more, also, than mere mortal error or human mistake, which, instead of bringing them within the limits prescribed in the patent they had procured in England, directed them to a shore on which they were to land upon their own responsibility and under their own authority, and thus compelled them to an Act, which has ren-

*For the opportunity of perusing this Dialogue, I am indebted to Rev. Alexander Young, by whom it was copied from the Plymouth Church Records. I am happy to be able to add, that Mr Young is engaged in preparing for the press, a volume to be entitled 'The Old Chronicles of the Plymouth Colony, collected partly from original records and unpublished manuscripts, and partly from scarce tracts, hitherto unknown in this Country,' in which this Dialogue will be contained, and which will be, in fact, a history of the Plymouth People, written by themselves, from 1620 to 1624. Mr Young confidently expects to be able to recover or restore the most valuable portion of Gov. Bradford's History, which was used by Prince and Hutchinson, but which disappeared during the War of the Revolution, and has been supposed to be irrecoverably lost.

dered Cape Cod more memorable than Runnamede, and the Cabin of the Mayflower than the proudest Hall of ancient Charter or modern Constitution—the execution of the first written original Contract of Democratic Self-Government which is found in the annals of the World?'

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SEAMEN'S AID SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.

This is one of the best associations in our city. It is doing much good in the best way. The sailor has claims upon the community which ought not, and cannot be resisted. He exposes himself to all perils for our comfort, gratification and improvement. While we, in ease and safety enjoy the refinements and luxuries his skill, toil and sufferings have brought to our shores—he is shivering beneath the cold, midnight blast, listening to the mutterings of the gathering storm, or preparing to descend into the ocean grave, that is ready to receive him—while the thought of home, children, wife enters his soul with a deeper and keener agony than the fear inspired by the thousand deaths, borne on the crests of the wrathful waves. Will we not remember and help these widows, these orphans whose only support and resource sleeps far down in the great deep, lost in our own service? Besides, we should consider that his course of life, with its unavoidable circumstances and influences induces, almost necessarily, recklessness and improvidence. His faults and follies while they can justly claim much indulgence, appeal strongly to our sympathy and consideration. The members of this society deserve the thanks and encouragement of the community. We cannot do better than give some extracts from the report.

The past year has been one of many and anxious cares to those who have had the management of the affairs of this Benevolent Association.

You are well aware that our most generous benefactor, who always responded to our appeal for assistance with sympathizing word as well as liberal hand, is no more! He has gone from his work of charity on earth to its reward in that world where the richest treasures which the soul can carry are the prayers and blessings of the poor. And while the Seamen's Aid Society shall continue, his name and benevolent deeds will be remembered and honored.

It has been a year of much sickness among the poor, and of severe pecuniary distress to all who depend on the prosperity of commerce for their means of support. And the close of the year was marked by desolating storms, which have strewed our rocky shores with the broken wrecks of vessels; their cargoes, on which many a family depended for support, have been scattered by the fierce wind, like ashes before the breeze; and, sadder still, among these ruins of material things, as marking the footprints of the great destroyer, Death,

'There lay the strong man still and low,
Like crushed weed thrown aside.'

Yes; the poor seamen, who seem born to endure hardships, and who are trained to buffet with the tempests, were overpowered by these fierce storms. Many, many have perished; and numbers of those who escaped with life were thrown destitute on the cold beach, bruised, frozen, and in want of all things.

And has the Seamen's Aid Society been enabled to meet these demands for assistance to the distressed, and to struggle with the embarrassments which the 'hard times' have imposed? We are more than glad, we are thankful, to tell you that, as respects the affairs of the Society, all has gone well with us. The blessing of God has not been withdrawn, and the favor of man has not failed. Though one rich stream of bounty has been cut off, other springs have gushed forth; and we have been enabled not only to sustain our accustomed charities, but to enlarge our operations.

During the past year, we have supported the clothing-store under the Bethel, and opened another and similar establishment in a building which we have caused to be erected, adjoining the Mariner's House. Both these stores are well filled with clothing for seamen, which their wives, mothers, sisters, or daughters have made. We have paid these women for needle-work, during the year, $1644 59. Add to this sum $356 paid to the women who cut and sell the clothes, who are also connected with seamen, and we should have *two thousand dollars* distributed in wages to females, the greater part of which has been far more blessed to the recipients than the same amount given in alms would have been.

We have assisted the Rev. Mr Taylor in sustaining the Mariner's House—a more particular account of which will be presently given—and dispensed in charities of board and clothing to sick and shipwrecked seamen the sum of $334 96; to seamen's widows, $137. We have kept open the free school for seamen's daughters at a cost of over $400. All these items and the expenses of the stores have been paid, and we have now on hand, in ready made clothing at cost, goods, and cash—including *four hundred and twelve dollars* paid for the new store—to the amount of $9065 45. This is an increase over our capital of last year of nearly $4000. The means by which this addition to our funds has been obtained, the purposes for which it is designed, and the plans formed for the present year, we will now submit; and we beg your patient attention, though the details may be somewhat long, and the subject too familiar to be invested with much novelty.

'The poor ye have with you always; and, whensoever ye will, may do them good,' was the declaration of the Savior to his disciples.

It is seven years to-day since this Society was formed; its object—to do good to seamen and their families. At the first thought, it would seem an easy matter to settle the course of doing good to the very poor. Supply food to the hungry, clothing to the naked, attendance and medicine to the sick and helpless,—what more would be wanting? The essential element, the co-operation of the poor in their own improvement, would be wanting. The human mind is not a machine, to be raised and regulated by the will or work of another. In humble imitation of the divine Being from whom it emanated, it must *do good* itself, in its own manifestations, before we can be sure that its tendency is upward and onward.

The following account of the Mariner's house is very satisfactory.

At the last annual meeting, it was unanimously resolved to assist the Rev. Mr Taylor in keeping open the Mariner's House. Such an asylum we felt was indispensable, if we desired to aid seamen who wished to follow that which is good, in escaping the snares and temptations of those destroyers of their brethren,—the rum-selling landlords of sailor boarding-houses. It was known, however, that the House, from the profits of boarding alone, could not at present be supported. To prepare for the additional demands which would be made on our Society, we agreed to hold a fair for the benefit of the Mariner's House. This was done. I need not describe our proceedings, nor our three days at Faneuil Hall. Suffice it to say, that our subject seemed to be regarded with universal favor, and the substantial result was the receipt of *five thousand five hundred and ninety dollars, forty-nine cents*, clear of all expenses and deductions. This is the largest sum ever, we believe, obtained at a ladies' fair, except that for the Blind, held by the ladies of this city in 1832.

With such encouragement in our charitable undertaking—which we most gratefully felt and acknowledged—we have gone on with our purpose of doing good to seamen, in accordance with the best plan which could be devised by the wisdom and experience of the Rev. Mr Taylor, on whose personal care and oversight of the Mariner's House we relied. I need not dwell on his entire devotedness to this work of charity: his zeal for his brethren of the sea is too well known to need description. He has given his heart and soul to this work; and our greatest fear is, not that this plan of doing good will be found impracticable, but that his precious health may fall a sacrifice to the harrassing cares and load of responsibilities which are constantly pressing upon him. May God strengthen and sustain him, for the sake of poor seamen!

The success which has crowned this attempt to support an improving as well as safe home for seamen has, in its moral aspect, been very gratifying. The books and newspapers provided have been sedulously read; for sailors who can read are very fond of books; and the morning and evening prayer has been reverently attended by far the greater part of the boarders. Several have, during the year, become professedly pious; and their whole conduct, thus far, has been a beautiful exemplification of the purifying and elevating influence of the Holy spirit on the human heart. Let but the light of the gospel shine into the soul, and we find wisdom there which schools could never teach, and a strength of purpose in the performances of duty which makes even the rough, dark path of a seaman's life bright and pleasant as the Christian's hope. And this hope how blessed to the sailor, how important to the world! The Savior chose nearly all his disciples from this class of persons, thus pointedly, as it would seem, making their high calling, to be 'fishers of men,' lights to the nations. And never will the religion of the lowly and blessed Jesus become the faith of the world, till the seamen of professedly Christian nations are trained to the practice of temperance and all the virtues of the Christian character, and fitted to become, by example, missionaries of the gospel to the heathen and the infidel.

It is these considerations which make the moral influence of the Mariner's House, and of all similar establishments, of such mighty import. And also it is these considerations which sanction and call for the cooperation of woman's efforts in all plans for the moral improvement of seafaring people. Every converted sailor carries to the regions that sit in darkness some portion of that heavenly light which only can show that woman, as well as man, is the heir of immortal life, consequently designed as man's companion, friend, and helper, in this world,—not his slave, but, like him, the servant of the Most High. And, as the servant of God, is it not her duty to do all she can to promote and hasten the coming of his kingdom on earth?

During the time since the Mariner's House has been under the care of the Rev. Mr Taylor—just seventeen months—*one thousand and thirty-two* seamen, including officers, have been received as boarders. Many of these, some whole crews, have returned the second and third time, thus showing that they consider that place of temperance, order, and religious observance, their home while in Boston. We might fill pages with accounts of the exemplary conduct of these seamen while at the Mariner's House, and the good reports of the captains under whom they have sailed. But time will not permit. Is it not sufficient to show what numbers have voluntarily fled from the places of temptation and sin to this temple of refuge, to prove the necessity for such an establishment?

INTERESTING LETTER FROM LIBERIA.

Our readers have probably seen in the papers, within a few months, an interesting account of Mr Samuel Benedict, now one of the most respectable citizens of Liberia, but who, a few years since, was a slave at Savannah. There, under the charge of a liberal master, (Mr Habersham) he continued to pick up a very tolerable education for himself, and consequently to teach his children and grand-children all that he had acquired himself. He was in the habit of reading not a little, and had quite a valuable library which has no doubt gone out to Africa with him. His situation in all respects, was unusually comfortable for a person of this description. But still he was eager to be in Africa, and when the opportunity came, gladly embraced it, believing the circumstances of the colonies to be much better calculated to elevate the character of his race, and his own, and to improve their condition than any which they could look for in the United States, whether as bond men or free. Accordingly he went out. Letters have since been received from him, of a most gratifying character. Of these, some have been addressed to a gentleman of this city, and to him we are indebted for the following extract just brought by the Saluda.

'The appointment of Mr Buchanan as Governor over the different settlements,' he says, 'will be of infinite benefit to us; he is truly an energetic and capable man for the office, and has already done much towards preventing the abominable slave trade. I hope the United States will assist him by sending the long-promised vessel of *war*, which will prevent in a measure, the prostitution of their Flag by the detestable slavers. If we but continue to prosper as we have commenced, I think in a few years Liberia will be sought after by many who are now our greatest opposers. For my part, I am more convinced every year, that this is the best country for the colored man, under existing circumstances, and with all the disadvantages of a new country. I am glad that I am here, for here we can sit under our own vine and fig-tree with none to interrupt us or make us afraid;—and a more pleasant country than this part of Africa, none ought to desire. For this moment, at 9 o'clock at night, while you in the United States, are almost freezing, I sit with my sashes lifted up, to write you, with the Thermometer at 79 degrees. And I see nothing to prevent us from living comfortably here, but industry, with little means to carry on either the farming or mercantile business. I have under cultivation, however, a few acres of sugar cane. The same of coffee plants, with some cotton and provisions.

Through Governor Buchanan I lately entered into a *copartnership* with a gentleman in Philadelphia in an undivided half of four acres of Coffee; he advancing money to commencing the operation. I only regret that it was not a hundred acres. But this is only a commencement. I regret much my coffee is not quite ripe enough to send you by this opportunity, but I will be sure to do so, by any after four or five weeks from this; at the same time, I shall send your shells &c. I have some now, but I wish to try and get a better assortment. I send a few newspapers, in which you will find that the Legislature, *unknown* to me, has appointed me Judge of the Superior Court for this County. I truly tremble at the responsibility and my incompetency to the task, but they insist on my acceptance thereof. This will make the Law Books you sent me, and promise yet to send, of incalculable service.'

It is proper to observe that some of the publications referred to, were sent out for the '*Liberia Lyceum*,' of which Benedict is a leading officer; and that if any persons are disposed to encourage either him or that Institution, in his most laudable efforts for the enlightenment of the colony, any useful, practical works they may forward by the Saluda or otherwise, will be gratefully received, and carefully disposed of agreeably to the wishes of the donors. We presume that Dr. Proudfit, the Secretary of the New York City Colonization Society, would take the charge of their remittance with great pleasure.

MINISTRY TO THE POOR.

A Discourse preached at the Ordination of Mr Robert C. Waterston, as Minister at Large, Nov: 24th, 1839, by Henry Ware, Jun., Professor in Harvard University. Boston, Isaac R. Butts.

This excellent sermon was delivered on an occasion of no common interest to our churches, as well as to that special ministry, to which it added another efficient laborer. It will be read, we are sure, with the satisfaction that we shared with the numerous assemblage that heard it. At present we can only say, that the preacher with the simple and comprehensive method usually marking his discourses, presents the Ministry at Large, *in itself*, or its peculiar objects, in *its relation to the ordinary ministry, and its value to the community*; and under these distinct heads, with a sobriety, but earnestness of statement, that commands conviction; with a chaste eloquence, that will not unduly exalt a favorite charity above all others, he urges its undeniable claims upon the affection and patronage of the churches.

We are also happy in noticing the publication of the Charge prepared by Rev. Dr Channing, and we should have been happy to have seen it accompanied, had it been possible, by the one actually delivered by the Rev. Mr Gannett. We partook largely in the gratitude and the pleasure, which were felt on that occasion at the readiness and felicity with which, and with scarcely a moment's warning, the unexpected deficiency was supplied. It was an effort of purely extempore utterance, not less remarkable for the justness and accuracy of the thoughts presented than for the kindness, which yielded to the urgency of the call.

We are compelled by our narrow limits to defer a fuller notice of the Charge, as well as of the Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. George Ripley. In the conclusion of his Charge, however, in which Dr Channing speaks of the interest expressed for the Ministry at Large, and the support it has received in this city, he says, 'It awakens little interest in our churches. It receives little aid from them. The contributions to it from most of our congregations are small and do little honor to us as a body of Christians. The success of the ministry thus far is due, under Providence, not to the zeal of the churches, but to the devotion, the martyr spirit of the men who have been charged with its duties. More faithful laborers, I believe, are not to be found in the ranks of the ministry through Christendom.'

We appreciate fully the sacrifices and success of the gentlemen who have labored with unwearied zeal and devotion in this excellent cause. They are worthy of all praise, and have a far higher reward than our gratitude—the witness of conscience and the favor of God. But we are constrained to differ from the Reverend author in his disparaging view of the interest which has been expressed, or the contributions actually made for this object, which it must be remembered is but one among many interesting objects of our Christian charity. A very slight view of the statistics on this subject, we think, might have satisfied him, as they assuredly satisfy us, that this community, either as individuals or as churches, have not been indifferent to this cause.

The Benevolent Fraternity of churches was established in 1834; since which,—a period of less than six years,—have been erected three large and commodious chapels, of solid structure, and well adapted to all the purposes, for which they could be needed, at an expense of about forty-five thousand dollars; to defray which about *thirty-six thousand dollars* were originally subscribed by liberal individuals and the remainder has been already provided for by other means.

During these six years also, more than two thousand dollars have been annually collected within our churches expressly for the *support of the Ministry;* making an amount of at least twelve thousand dollars within that time, to which should be added the support of the Ministry at Large for several years prior to the organization of the Fraternity of churches in 1834. And the whole will constitute an amount of between fifty and sixty thousand dollars, the fruit of the liberality of our churches, or of individuals belonging to them.

Nor, while we confer just praises upon our Ministers at Large, may we speak slightly of the labors and zeal of Laymen in this cause. The interest, which many of them have felt in this Ministry, and the readiness with which they have contributed of their means, or devoted their time and influence to its promotion, are deserving, not of disparagement, but of grateful commendation. Many individuals might be mentioned; but there is one, whose absence from the country removes any impropriety there might be in noticing him. We refer to Henry B. Rogers, Esq., the late able, efficient and devoted Secretary of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches. We were gratified by the just and merited tribute paid to the faithful and eminently successful labors of this gentleman by the Rev. Mr Lothrop, in some excellent remarks made by him at the late Dedication of Suffolk Street Chapel.

For four years Secretary of the Fraternity, Mr Rogers devoted himself almost exclusively to the promotion of the charity he had in charge; and for his untiring efforts, and the great personal influence which he exerted in its behalf, he has gained a high place in the respect and confidence of the community.

In short, we are of the opinion, and feel constrained to utter it, that this community, neither in the clergy nor laity, are censurable for a want of interest, or an unwillingness to support this Ministry. It is questionable, whether they have not done all that they ought. They have certainly done what they could in its cause. And this, we must repeat, is but one of the many objects demanding and obtaining their liberal aid.

☞ An Obituary notice, and several other Communications, necessarily deferred.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE BIBLE IN CYPRUS.—In the extracts of the correspondence of the American Bible Society, we have part of a communication from the late Rev. L. W. Pease to the secretary of the Society, written a short time before his death, which occurred in August last. Mr P. was a missionary of the American Foreign Missionary Society, and has been very active in promoting the distribution of the word of God in the island.

The Scriptures have been received with general manifestations of pleasure by all. Some of the higher ecclesiastics, as well as some of the personal attendants of all the bishops, have given us essential aid in the prosecution of our work. A few distinguished laymen have also assisted us. We have likewise frequently received assistance from the priests in different parts of the island; and rarely have we been received with apparent evidence of distrust or dislike. We will not pretend to examine the motives which have actuated them in thus treating us and our object. Perhaps there may have been a real desire in some cases to become acquainted with the truth, and aid in its diffusion; at least we trust that the work in which we have engaged has commended itself to the conscience of many whom we have visited.

In all our tours for distributing the Scriptures, we have, either by means of interpreters, or directly, communicated much divine truth, and have often had from 20 to 50 attentive, and sometimes apparently serious listener at one time. The presentation of the Scriptures has been an easy and natural introduction to an exposition of some passage from the sacred volume, and an application of it to the various Christian duties. We have also been requested, by both priests and people, to engage in this work of expounding the Scriptures for their benefit. How far mere motives of curiosity may have operated in producing this desire to hear the gospel, we cannot tell, but we would fain believe that they were accompanied, in some cases, by a real desire to listen to the truth.

THE BIBLE IN GREECE.—An Extract from a letter of Rev. Mr Calhoun, missionary in Greece, to the Secretary of the American Bible Society, contains some interesting facts in regard to the reception of the Bible in Greece.

At Athens, also, is the depot of the British and Foreign Bible Society, from which are issued great numbers continually. At Patras, the demand has been constantly increasing, and the missionaries there, Messrs. Pasco and Love, have put large numbers into circulation.

A late letter from Mr King, reports the distribution at Athens of 1,500 copies of the New Testament and other portions of the Bible.

Warm discussions are going on in Athens in relation to the subject of translations. Happily it is confined to the Greeks themselves; while the missionaries are engaged in the work of distribution, and thus rendering it less and less probable that the volumes of those will succeed, who are for locking up the Bible in a dead language. The more light the people get, the more unwilling will they be to go back to the days of darkness. Greece will, I trust, cleave to the Bible in the spoken tongue.

Rev. Mr Love, writing from Patras, under date of 9th May last, says:

By the Albanian Greeks resident in town, (a very interesting class of people,) it has been communicated throughout the extreme Turkish district of Albania, that the word of God, in the modern language, may be had at Patras. The fact is also known at Trieste, and some of the nearer Ionian Islands. From these places especially the first, we have many calls. Patras being the only considerable commercial town on the coast, is the emporium of the many towns and villages on the western side of northern Greece, the towns on and near the Corinthian Gulf and all western Peloponnesus extending into the interior as far as the range of mountains some two or three days distant. In all these parts the people seem to have little of that prejudice which has so unhappily operated in other parts of the country. Priesthood and people seem to be eager for the word of life.

Dr. Follen.—The New Haven Record referring to the lamentep fate of Dr Follen says:—

On the Friday previous to his death, he had concluded a brilliant course of lectures at Clinton Hall, New York, on the subject of German Literature, and was returning home at the urgent request of his congregation, to dedicate a new church which they had erected for him, when he fell a victim to the mismanagement of the Lexington. His elder brother is an eminent German poet, and several other members of his family have distinguished themselves. The Evening Post says: 'He was a man of strong intellect, much cultivated in the various departments of knowledge and inquiry, and his judgment was calm and solid. His experience in the evils of arbitrary governments, joined to the feeling of universal good will, and to the genial spirit of hope which was ever strong within him, led him to embrace the purest democratic principles, in regard to government and legislation. The world had not a firmer a more ardent or more consistent friend of human liberty. His passions, naturally energetic, were all so perfectly subjected to the control of the higher qualities of his character, that although you saw that they were not extinct, you saw at the same time, that they were held in their place and overruled by justice and benevolence. No man could have known him even slightly, without being strongly impressed by the surpassing benignity of his character. He is taken from us by a mysterious providence in the midst of his usefulness.'

DOMESTIC.

Reduction of Postage.—Mr. Clay of the Senate has presented a memorial signed by a large number of citizens of Pennsylvania, praying for a reduction of postage on letters Many petitions have been presented of the same character. They are all given in charge of the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

Small Pox.—The committee of the Legislature, on the subject of the Small Pox, have made a report, in which they make a statement of facts tending to strengthen, if possible, the proofs of the efficacy of vaccination, as a protection against the dangers of Small Pox, and against the general spread of that disease. They consider general vaccination, as a protection against the dangers of Small Pox, and against the general spread of that disease; and they are accordingly opposed to the reenactment of the law, which made it the duty of boards of health to remove persons affected with the Small Pox to hospitals prepared for their reception. They intimate their opinion that to grant any board of public officers the power of taking wives and children from their homes, and delivering them over to strangers, is one for which considering the means of protection against the inroads of the disease which the community now possess, there would be no justification. The committee propose no other change of the existing laws, on the subject, than to repeal so much of the law of 1838, as dispenses with the obligation of householders and physicians to notify the proper authorities of all cases of small pox coming to their knowledge, as required by previous laws.

This subject has been debated several days in both branches of the Legislature.—*Salem Gaz.*

Statistics of Massachusetts.—It appears from the Massachusetts Register for 1840, that in a population of about seven hundred and fifty thousand we have 1250 religious societies, of which 558 are Congregationalist, 260 Baptist, 180 Methodist, 125 Universalist, and 42 Episcopal. Of Physicians, 650 belong to the Massachusetts Medical Society. Of Counsellors and Attorneys, the number is not less than 800. The Legislature consists of about 550 members. Of Postmasters we have 472. 123 Banks 46 Insurance Companies. In Boston, there are 42 Charitable Societies, and not less than 58 other public institutions, besides schools and academies.

Regulation of Steam Boats.—The following resolution, submitted by Mr. Webster, was taken up and agreed to, on Tuesday the 4th inst.

"*Resolved*, That the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire whether the law respecting vessels propelled by steam does not require amendment; and whether it be not expedient to make the following enactments:

"1. That the owners and masters of all vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam, employed in the transportation of passengers, or of goods, wares, or merchandize, for hire, shall be deemed to all intents and purposes, *common carriers* thereof; and shall be liable to all the duties and responsibilities imposed upon such common carriers by the common law. And every restriction, qualification or limitation of any such duties and responsibilities, by any special notice or contract, or other proceeding on the part of such carriers, shall be deemed utterly void, and of no validity, or force, or effect whatever.

"2. That whenever any loss, damage or injury shall occur to any passenger, or to any goods, wares or merchandize on board any such steam-boat or other vessel propelled in whole or in part by steam from fire, or steam, or collision with another vessel, the same shall be deemed full *prima facie* evidence of negligence sufficient to charge the proprietors, and those in their employment, with the full amount of such loss, damage or injury, until they shall show, beyond reasonable doubt, that no negligence whatever had occured on their part.

"3. That if any inspector or inspectors appointed under the law to which this is a supplement shall carelessly or negligently perform the duties required by the same act, knowing the same to contain any false statement, he and they shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor; and shall on conviction thereof before any court of the United States having competent jurisdiction, be punished by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, and by imprisonment not exceeding ninety days, according to the aggravation of the offence: and shall be liable in a civil action for all damages that shall be occasioned thereby to any person or persons whatever.

And that the Committee be instructed further to inquire and report to the Senate what judicial decisions have been made under the existing law, especially, whether it has been the effect of any such decision to render the existing law inoperative in any part of the country.

Steam Boats.—The Portland Wesleyan Journal states that Capt. Coyle, of the steamer Portland, recently delivered an interesting lecture on Steam and Steam Boats, before the Mechanic Association of that city. A brief outline of the lecture is given in the Journal. It contains valuable suggestions. We quote the following:

Capt. Coyle charged the wanton waste of human life and property which has filled our land so frequently with mourning,—not to the want of efficient legislation—not to the want, of skillful and careful managers—not even primarily to the recklessness of Steam-boat officers;—but upon the egregious folly of the American Travelling public. The determination of the great body of travellers to go *fast* and *cheap* at the expense of safety, would render the most salutary laws a dead letter. They offer a premium to recklessness, by the uniform preference which is given to the swiftest and cheapest conveyance. While public opinion *among travellers* takes this direction, hundreds of them may be sacrificed annually,—the voice of the *Great Public* may speak in thunder tones,—and it is all unheeded;—cheap and swift, but unsafe boats may still be had, and men be found to command them for the accommodation of all who are willing to stake their life upon an even chance with gaining two hours in a passage, and saving two dollars in their fare.

Capt Coyle was in the employ of the Hudson River Steam Company 15 years since;—the company which, it may be remembered, supplanted the North River Company by getting up a class of cheap swift boats. The North River boats were staunch and strong, the officers careful, and the traveller safe;—but he was an hour longer in making his trips, and paid a trifle more than on the Hudson River line. The consequence was that the safe line was broken down; the proprietors of the other made fortunes. This was the first great successful attempt reckless competition in Steam. The question was now settled that the man who expended his money in building an extra safe Steam boat threw it away;—that the commander who most carefully regarded the lives and property of his passengers, would most probably be branded with cowardice or want of energy, and coldly passed by for the crack boat. Men build Steam boats and navigate them for the purpose of making money; and it would be strange after so many lessons, if in pursuit of this object some had not learned to be as careless of human life as that portion of the public which sustain them.

At a recent fair in New Orleans, for the benefit of the Orphan girls, $14,000 were received.

Pensylvania.—The Governor of Pennsylvania has recently sent a message to the Legislature of the State, now in session, detailing the 'great pecuniary involvements of the Commonwealth,' with the unhappy fact that the interest of the State debt was due, and remains unpaid.

The Governor recommends a decided stand against the legislation which would hurry the banks into an immediate resumption of specie payments.

FOREIGN.

The French and Sandwich Islanders.—A treaty has been recently made and agreed to, between the King of the French and the King of the Sandwich Islands.

The following is a translation of the sixth article.

Art. 6th. French merchandise, or those known to be French produce, particularly wines and *eaux de vies*, (brandy) cannot be prohibited, and shall not pay an import duty higher than 5 per cent. *ad valorem*.

The Boston Mercantile Journal publishes the whole treaty, and closes with this remark.

'We would direct the attention of our readers particularly to the 6th article in the above treaty—which obliges the King to repeal the laws prohibiting the importation into his dominions of *intoxicating drinks* which have created so much desolation among the uncivilized inhabitants of the globe, and are fast sweeping them to destruction! Indeed the whole proceedings of the French Government towards these people, to be a cruel and wanton exercise of power, calculated to uproot the foundations of civilization and virtue, which have been laid by good men after a labor of years.

The Philadelphia Christian Observer referring to this treaty says;

This treaty was brought to the king on Tuesday the 16th, at five o'clock P. M., and he was told that if it was not signed by breakfast time the next morning, such a representation should be made to the French government, that they would send a larger force to take possession of the island. The king requested time to advise with his chiefs—but the threat was repeated, and he, fearing the consequences which he was led to expect would be the result, signed it; and in affixing his signature to that document, has virtually signed away his power as a sovereign, to regulate his own affairs. A precedent is now set for any demands however unjust, if there be sufficient force to back them, but we trust that when all the circumstances of the case are made known, no European power will sanction the like injustice. Early in the morning of the 20th the frigate sailed.

From China.—The following is a copy of a letter from the Rev. Mr Abeel to Rev. Austin H. Wright, who it is expected, will embark in a few weeks to join the mission to the Nestorians in Persia. Mr Wright, who has pursued a regular course of study both in Theology and Medicine, wrote to Mr. Abeel when he was about to leave this country, asking for information, which might aid him in deciding the question, *where* it might be his duty to go. This letter, in answer to his inquiries, contains information relative to the state of things in China, which will be interesting to the Christian reader.—*Christian Obs.*

CANTON, July 16th, 1839.

My Dear Brother.—I have purposely delayed answering your letter, in hopes that I might have something definite to communicate respecting this part of the world. Since I arrived, nearly five months ago, every thing in the foreign commercial relations of China has been in a state of agitation, and it is impossible to tell whether the elements which are now in action may not introduce a new order of events, and place us on a much more advantageous footing with the Empire than we have ever occupied. It is difficult, at this distance, to determine what course Great Britain will pursue. Our prospects will be modified by the direction which an overruling Providence may give to her counsels. It seems almost impossible that commerce should be carried on much longer under the restrictions and illegalities which now hamper it. The agitation to which I advert, you have probably seen by the papers, grew out of an attempt made by the Chinese government to destroy the contraband traffic of opium. This desperate, gain-seeking men will continue, no doubt, to smuggle it on the coast, and difficulties will ensue. I dwell on this point, because if China should throw herself open to foreigners, the providential call for swarms of missionaries would be imperative. As it is, I feel that I would prefer being in this field to any other, and I have very little doubt that you would soon imbibe the same predilections, if you were in the same situation. Dr Parker is living in daily hopes that his labors, which have been interrupted, may shortly be resumed, and then he would welcome you to his hospital with the greatest delight. One young physician lately came out from England, who has already established himself in the hospital at Macao, belonging to the Medical Missionary Society of this place, of which you have probably read. Another is expected to join him in a few months. The Chinese have not the same control at Macao as here, and, consequently, their commands are less heeded. When I arrived, and for nearly a month afterwards, the hospital was in full operation. Crowds of all kinds of patients came for relief. The Doctor could not get through with his labors without the most constant occupations. If the Board would send you out as his fellow-laborer, I think I would not hesitate to come. But come out as well qualified in this department as possible. The more *experience* especially as surgery, the better. There are about 9 or 10 missionaries, not including ladies, in Canton and Macao. We are all engaged principally in studying the difficult language, and in using it, in an *unobtrusive* manner, to the extent of our ability.—We can converse with them, give away a few books, and even gather a small number, at least in Macao, to a regular Sabbath meeting. With a good knowledge of the language, much may be done. I have said nothing of the surrounding spheres of labor, although there are many, both at Siam and among the islands of the Indian Archipelago. I would not exalt this field above all others, but if you have not been led to a previous decision before this reaches you, I hope you will take its claims into most serious consideration.

I remember, with interest, our short acquaintance at Richmond, and should be rejoiced to renew it on these distant shores. If you visit the place, please remember me very affectionately to the kind friends with whom I lodged, and to all who remember me.

Hoping that we may yet meet in China, and both be honored with some instrumental part in her conversion, I remain, very affectionately,

Your brother in Christ,
D. ABEEL.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of *The Society for Promoting Theological Education*, will be held on THURSDAY next, Feb. 20th, at half past 12 o'clock, at the Hall of the Massachusetts Historical Society, over the Savings Bank, in Tremont Street.

ALEXANDER YOUNG, *Secretary.*
Boston, Feb. 14th, 1840.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Tuesday evening, by Rev. J. T. Sargent, Mr Thomas E. Hollis to Miss Sarah A. Faunce.
In Salem, by Rev. Mr Thomson, Mr Joseph Manning, to Miss Sally Knight.

DEATHS.

In this city, Saturday morning, of consumption, Mr Jeffrey A. Jones, of the firm of Jones & Holman, 47.
In this city, Barzillai Homes, Esq. 72.
In this city, 10th inst, Mrs Ellen, Wife of Titus Welles, Esq. 50.
8th inst. Mr Daniel Lewis, 29.
In Dorchester, 11th inst. of consumption, Catharine, youngest daughter of Mr William Pope, 22.

THE Subscribers to the Western Messenger, will confer a favor on the undersigned, by directing all letters concerning the Western Messenger, to me, at the Office of the Christian Register, Boston; and payments therefore will be received and duly acknowledged, at this Office. WM. JENNISON.

☞ WILL SHORTLY CLOSE ☜

WESTS CHRIST REJECTED, THETIS BRINGING THE ARMOR TO ACHILES, AND THE COMBAT BETWEEN DIOMED AND HECTOR PREVENTED BY THE LIGHTNING OF JUPITER.

The above three Pictures, painted by Benjamin West, Esq P. R. A. are now on view at Harding's Gallery, School street, from 10 in the morning till 8 in the evening.
Admission 25 cents. Children half price. Lighted with gas at dusk every evening.
The two latter pictures have never been seen before in this country.
On Sundays the Exhibition will be open from 5 P. M. to 8 P. M. f8

SERVICES AT ORDINATION OF MR WATERSTON.—A Discourse preached at the Ordination of Mr R. C. Waterston, as Minister at Large, Nov. 24th, 1839, by Rev. H. Ware, Jr., D. D., Charge, by Rev. Dr Channing, Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. George Ripley.
This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. feb 15

WESTFORD ACADEMY.—The Spring Term of the Academy, will commence on the fourth of March next. The School, under the care of Mr John Kebler, is in a very satisfactory and flourishing condition. Instruction is given in all the English studies pursued in the High Schools and Academies of the Commonwealth, and in the Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian and German languages. The Academy is situated in a remarkably pleasant and healthful village. The price of board is low, and the charge for tuition is only three dollars a quarter.
J. W. P. ABBOT, *Sec'ry of the Trustees.*
Feb. 15th, 1840.

RARE AND VALUABLE OLD BOOKS—Imported and for sale by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112, Washington street.
Harris's complete Collection of Voyages and Travels, 2 vols folio
History of the French Dominions in North and South America illustrated by maps and plans of the principal places, engraved by T. Jeffreys, folio.
Long's Voyages and Travels, 4to.
Voyage de Verdun, 2 v 4to
Voyage de l'Amerique, fait par ordre du roi d'Espagne, par Don George Juan, et par Don Antoine de Ulloa, 4to
Histoire du Concile de Trente, de Fra' Paolo Sarpi, 4to
The Works of the famous Nicolas Machiavel, Citizen and Secretary of Florence, folio
The Oceana and other Works of James Harrington, collected and reviewed by John Tolland, folio
Echard's Ecclesiastical History, folio.
Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, folio
Herbert's Life and Reign of King Henry the Eight, folio
Tracts written by John Selden, folio
Gage's Survey of the West Indies, folio
Dobb's Hudson's Bay, folio
Histoire Naturelle des Glaciers de Suisse, 4to
Four New Plays, written by Sir William Killigrew, folio
Herbert's Dialogue between a Tutor and his Pupil, 4to
Herbert's De Veritate, 4to
The Life and Correspondence of John Wilkes, 5 v
Holland's Livy, folio
&c. &c. &c. f15

MEDITATIONS FOR THE AFFLICTED, SICK AND DYING.—This volume is extracted chiefly from a work published at Edinburgh and but little known here, entitled Farewell to Time, or Last Views of Life, and prospects of Immortality.
Religious Consolations.
Offering of Sympathy.
For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS at the Tremont Stationary Room, 21 Tremont Row. feb 15

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS. *Edited by Rev. E. S. Gannett.* *Contents of the number for February.*
How are the great evils of the world to be removed?
Life beyond the mountain wave.
Qualifications for the Communion.
Omnipresence of God. A Sermon by Rev. Ephraim Peabody.
A Mother's Grave.
Sketches drawn from the New Testament.
The Withering of the Fruitless Fig Tree.
Furness's Prayers.
Biographical Notices of the late Dr Charles Follen.
Notices of Books—Intelligence, &c. &c. &c.
Published by
WM. CROSBY & CO.
feb 15 118 Washington st.
Subscriptions received by the Booksellers generally, throughout New England.

BUCKLAND'S GEOLOGY and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology; by the Rev. Wm. Buckland, DD. 2 vols 8vo: splendid engravings.
An Introduction to Geology, intended to convey practical knowledge of the science, and comprising the most recent discoveries, &c. by Robert Bakewell; 3d American from 5th London edition: edited by Prof. B. Silliman, 8vo.
Lyell's Elements of Geology, 8vo, with engravings—highly recommended by Prof. Silliman.
Comstock's Outlines of Geology; intended as a popular treatise on the most interesting parts of the science; together with an examination of the question whether the day of Creation were a definite period.
Prof. Hitchcock's Report on the Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, and Zoology of Massachusetts, made by the order of the Government: with a chart and plates. For sale at TICKNOR'S. feb. 15.

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

'ONE THING IS NEEDFUL.'

Is it to sparkle bright
In the gay courts of luxury and power?
Is it to breathe the light
That gilds the canopy of Pleasure's bower?

Is it to tread with pride
Through fragrant pathways overhung with flowers?
Down the smooth stream to glide
Borne by the breeze of Fancy's balmy hours?

Is it to hear soft words
Falling with melting cadence on the heart—
That like the summer birds
Come but to cheer a moment, then depart?

Is it to feel the soul
Bound by the mystic charm of earthly fame?
In the bright wave to roll
Where glory spread's its false and dazzling flame?

No, these are transient all
As the soft velvet of the violet's bloom;
Joyless as Beauty's hall
When the worn spirit tastes its wild perfume.

No, 't is that better part,
The guiding star of Mrry's silent prayer,
When with confiding heart,
She knelt at Jesus's feet and worshipped there.

'T is the immortal prize,
The hidden pearl of heaven-born truth and love;
Whose light outgems the skies,
And borrows lustre from the realms above.

'T is the perennial beam
Whose glorious splendors darkness cannot shade;
Whose pure undying gleam
Fills the rapt soul with joys that cannot fade.

Jesus, thy smiles impart!
Send from thy throne the mantle of thy grace!
Grant us that better part,
The peaceful pathway to thy dwelling place!

L. B. T.

GOD, A POEM.

BY DERZHAVIN, A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN, BORN 1763

Translated by John Bowring.

Derzhavin, after serving some time in the army, was made successively a Councillor of State, Ambassador of the Senate, President of the College of Commerce, Public Cashier, and, 1802, Minister of Justice. He has since retired, on his full allowance, to pass the evening of his days in the enjoyments of the fruits of his long and active labours. The Poem on God, by the author, has been translated into Japanese, by order of the Emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the Temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the Imperial Palace of Pekin.

O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure: none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence;—Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation:—all
Sprung forth from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin:—all life—all beauty thine,
Thy word created all, and doth create:
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine,
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be, glorious! great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost,—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought;
Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd
Against Thy greatness, is a cypher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Nought!

Nought! but the effluence of Thy light divine
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all—Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart.
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave! a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived! unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy!
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created *me*, thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
I a heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its Source—to Thee—its author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its image to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence—Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

A MARRIED MAN'S EYE.

'There 's daggers in men's eyes!'

'Open the window, Hetty,' said my uncle Andover, to the house-maid; 'let in a little fresh air, this fine morning.' Hetty threw up the sash quickly, and smash! went a pane of glass. The poor girl turned her frightened eye toward us, but my uncle went on talking as if he had not heard the noise.

'Sir, Mr Andover, please to look,' said Hetty, 'I have broken a pane of glass, and Miss Andover will be *so* angry!'

'Angry?—for what? Here, take this money,' said he, 'and run off quickly for the glazier. I will pick up the pieces while you are gone. 'Angry, indeed! Miss Andover does not get angry for such trifles; but be off before she comes home, if you are afraid.'

Dear uncle Andover!—he screened every body from harm. All Camperdown knew the value of his friendship. He was just turned of sixty, with a healthy, unbroken constitution, a fine flow of spirits, and an even temper. He was benevolent and untiring in his disposition to do good; and as all the world knew this, he was not suffered to remain unoccupied a moment. All this, added to a large income, and a larger heart, made him one of the most popular men in Camperdown.

With all these qualifications, it was a wonder that he never married, for he was a very handsome man, even at this advanced age. But he was a bachelor from choice, I assure you; for many a lady, even now, would be glad to receive an offer from him. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless really true, my uncle was never in love—that is, violently in love, as I am at this moment—and therefore he never thought of marriage.

'My dear uncle,' said I, when the glazier had gone, 'how has it happened that you never married? You have always been rich, and from what I can now see, you must have been very handsome.' Here my uncle pulled up his collar, and settled his chin, casting his eye toward the glass.

'Why, as to that, Leo, I believe I was tolerably well-looking in my youth, and I cannot but say I had many inducements to marry. My parents were very desirous that I should fall in love, and many a beauty was pointed out to me; but I suppose I had no turn for the tender passion. The fact is, Leo, I loved every woman so well, that I was afraid of hurting the f elings of the whole sex, if I gave one the preference. This was not, however, the only reason,' said he, after a pause. 'I had another and a stronger one. All my life I have been watching the behavior of men to their wives, and I never met with one man—no, not even your father, and he came of a gentle kind—who did not *scourge* his wife the very moment she was in his power. And, Leo, mark my words, you will do it too. It is human nature; it seems a thing not to be helped.'

'Scourge their wives! I scourge a woman!—such a lovely creature as Flora Webb!' thought I. 'But what do you mean by 'scourging?''

'I mean what I say. Do you think there is only one kind of scourging? I certainly do not mean *beating*, though many a fellow, if he dared, would strike his wife, or slap her face, if she only acted a little perversely, just as he had acted, perhaps, only the moment before: but the scourging of which I speak, is with the *eye;* ay, you may stare, but it is the *Married Man's Eye*. Come, let us go to the village; I owe every body a visit, particularly Ormsby, who is just married to my little pet.' Every young woman, by the way, was uncle Andover's pet. 'I cannot tell in which way *she* offends his married eye, but I will warrant that he has begun his scourging already. There is your aunt Phillida; she sees this matter as I do, and that has kept her from marrying. Before we settled in Camperdown, she had plenty of offers, for rich women are scarce. That old Mr Root offered his hand to her full thirty years ago.'

'Look over the way, uncle: there stands that little red-haired Davison, the meanest looking man I ever saw. Is it true that he made an attempt to address my sister Fanny, while I was in Europe?'

'Yes, he made a desperate attempt, but he was rendered with scorn. Do not speak of it before your aunt, for it puts her in a passion. I only wish we could keep him from coming so often to Camperdown, for he is hateful to me, as well as to her; and Mrs Campbell—that is, our Jenny Hart that *was*—has set her face against him, and that has decided his fate here.'

'What! is Mrs Campbell, the Jenny Hart of the thread-and needle store?—she whom all the young men used to gaze at so?—the one that every body was in love with?'

'Yes; and I will take you there to-morrow. She is on a visit to New York to-day. Your aunt told her all about Davison; and so, as I said, having set her face against him, he will not find it very convenient to settle in our neighborhood. Let him remain at Starkford.'

'Why, uncle, I never knew you so bitter toward any one before. What has he done to merit all this?'

'Well, Leo, we talked of scourging; of married men scourging their wives with the eye; but this man, for one that calls himself a man, is more brutal than a savage. Just look at him; a little paltry fellow, not bigger than my thumb; with red hair, a freckled face, a nose that you can hardly see, deep-set little red eyes, an ear like a long oyster, and a neck like a crane. There he goes; and he has a laugh and a joke with every one he meets. There comes our good Mr Foster, the engineer. Ah! Alfred Grey does not stop; he touches his hat, and walks on. It has cowed Davison for a second; but there comes Job Martin, the tax-gatherer; now Davison has said a good thing, and they are laughing at it. There comes our good Mr Parsells. See how Davison's hat goes off to him: *there* was a bow for you!'

'Who is this Mr Parsells, uncle? I do not recollect ever hearing the name before.'

'He is a retired merchant, and has bought an estate at Wicklowe, in the next village. He is very rich, and little Davison fawns and cringes before him, like a spaniel. I see it all now; there is an only daughter there, too. Miss Parsells is not what I call an ugly woman, but if it were not for her immense expectations, ugly as Davison is himself, he would look for more beauty. The fellow has been twice married. Yes, there he goes: he has left the others, and has walked off with good-natured Jemmy Parsells.'

But supposing that Miss Parsells *is* ugly? Surely this man can have no pretensions to her hand; and he is upward of forty, by his looks.'

'There is nothing better nor worse to be said of him, than that he scourged his wife to death. He married an only child; I speak of his first wife, for the second one, poor thing!—no, lucky creature!—died of a pleurisy, before he had time to commence operations. His first wife was a young lady of good birth, and, as was supposed at the time, of good fortune. She was an intimate school friend of your aunt Phillida, but their intercourse was interrupted after the marriage. Mr Dell, the father of Christina, was reputed to be rich, and Davison so ingratiated himself with him, that, being a hypochondriac, and not a good business man, the fellow soon became his factotum. Every thing fell into his hands; and the short of it is, that he determined to have Mr Dell's money, and his daughter in the bargain, since he could not get one without the other.'

'Ah, uncle, I recollect now: did I not see a Mrs Davison with Aunt Phillida, at the Springs, the summer before I went abroad?'

'Yes, about four years ago, just before she died; and it was there that I saw how the wretch treated her; and yet no one else perceived it but your aunt and myself. Very few look deeply into such matters. Christiana was compelled into the marriage; but your aunt thinks that if all the property had been settled on her, Davison would have treated her differently. I doubt it.'

'It is scarcely possible to tell you in what his devilries consisted; but they were of such a nature, that in ten years—it was a slow poison, that eye of his—he fairly worked this gentle creature out of existence. I only wish you dared ask your aunt all about it, for women understand this misery better than men; but it almost sets her raving. Our principal reason for quitting Starkford, was because he had bought an estate there. Before the wretch married poor Christina Dell, he was the most devoted, the most obsequious, the most tender of lovers. He had to work hard to get the innocent young creature, for her dislike to him at first amounted almost to aversion. He consulted her taste in every thing, and seemed to have no will but hers.

'Well, Leo, only look at this man one year after marriage, nay one month, for he began immediately. He could not bear to hear her laugh; he could not bear to see her pleased with any one's conversation; he sneered at her whenever she opened her lips—unobserved, mind, by others. By his hard manner, he drove off all her early associates, those who loved her dearly and could have comforted her. His eye—that little red eye of his—was kept on her whenever she opened her lips to speak, or to give an opinion; and it had the power of a serpent over her. There is no thraldom, Leo, like the thraldom of a married man's eye. He expected impossibilities, almost, from her, for her constitution was very delicate, and when she did the utmost that her feeble strength allowed, he sneered at her. At table, he never helped her to any thing he thought she liked. She could not bear rare meat, neither could he; yet I am told that in his own house he would not allow the cook to send the meat up well done, lest his wife might perchance get a piece that she liked. He actually punished himself, that he might scourge his unoffending wife. If, in the most humble way, when she thought he was particularly good-humored, she asked him for a slice not *quite* so rare, he would say some brutal or unfeeling thing to her, for which the very negro in waiting would like to kick him. If he deigned to help her to another piece, it was cut from a burnt, hard part, equally unpalatable. She never ate a mouthful at that wretch's table, without insult or taunt.

'It was fortunate that this poor young creature had no children; for his nature was such that I verily believe he would have tormented them, for the pleasure of tormenting his wife. When she found that all happiness was denied her in this world, she turned her affections to another and a better. There she found peace and love—a love tender and enduring. She fell sick, at length; and *then* you should have seen the hypocrite. Oh, how he would run for the leecher, and bleeder—for the doctor, and the clergyman! You would have thought him the most devoted and tender of husbands. Almost every one, save the servants and your aunt Phillida, were deceived. Even the doctor called him a pattern-husband.

'How he must have shrunk from the touch of the good clergyman, on the day after the funeral! The reverend man dearly loved his pore and gentle wife; and it went hard with him to part with her; but with all the confidence she reposed in him, she never breathed a syllable of her husband's undeviating, petty tyranny. 'Rest, therefore, in peace, my son!' said he, as he arose to leave the room, placing his hand on her cruel husband's head, 'as she for whom we mourn is now an angel in heaven. You tenderly loved her; you sustained her in sickness and sorrow, and you comforted her in the last trying moments. Your conscience must acquit you of the slightest intentional unkindness, for you were all that a tender, considerate husband should be. Grieve not, therefore, like one without hope; but let us imitate the purity and integrity of her life, so that in the end your spirit may again be united to hers.'

'Would you believe it, Leo?—the hypocrite told all this to one of his friends! There he comes again. Only hear that laugh! Just so he roared, and 'made fun,' when he was breaking his wife's heart at home. Jokes! No one could have a dinner or a supper party without him. He afterward married Lavinia Marks, on the strength of his goodness to his wife; and I have no doubt the same thing will operate on the mind of Miss Parsells and her father. Poor Christina Dell! But she is far happier where she is now, than she could be, even if Davison was not a brute. But come, let us sally out; it is visiting time, and we owe a great many visits. So, here we are; this is Ormsby's house. Now, Leo, look out for the man's eye.'

The newly married couple were sitting together very lovingly, and every thing around them was bride-like and comfortable. They jumped up quickly to welcome us, for my uncle, as I said, was a general favorite. He praised every thing over and over again: even the ugly clock on the mantel-piece has his kind notice.

'Yes, I knew you would like it,' said the lively little lady, 'but James does not think it suitable for this small room. It is rather large, to be sure; but then bronze is so much more fashionable than gold. I am sorry, now, since he dislikes it so much, that I did not take the gilt one; but, Mr Andover, how could I tell, *then*, that he preferred the gilt one? *Then*, he thought as I thought, and as I uniformly preferred the bronze clock, why he was only too happy to approve—was not you, James?' I never heard, then, of his dislike to this poor clock; but a month after marriage makes a great difference, you know, Mr Andover.

While she was laughing out gaily, in the pride and joy of a young bride's heart, Ormsby was trying to catch her eye. I saw that her prattle disconcerted him, and he wanted to stop her; but she ran on, and my uncle listened with as much glee and innocence as herself. Ormsby walked across the room, so as to get in front of her, under pretence of pushing the clock straight.

'I believe James satisfied with all my purchases,' said she, 'but that foolish clock; and if I could, I would change it, yet, for the gold one. Why, only a little before you came in ——'

Her husband caught her eye this time, and his look quelled her; for her laugh and her joyousness were at an end. She was puzzled to know why her little nonsense was taken amiss now, when it was always so pleasantly listened to before her marriage. This was evidently the first stroke of the married man's eye. It embarrassed her; she cast a timid glance at her husband, and was silent.

'Did you see the fellow's eye?' asked my uncle, when on our way to the next house. 'Now the poor child said nothing amiss; she was only a little bridish. Ormsby did not like the exposure. It showed he had struck the false colors of courtship, and had nailed up the red, stern flag to the mast-head. Men are all alike, Leo.'

Our next visit was to Mr Emerson, the chemist. He lived in the greatest harmony with his wife; they had been married seven years, and had several fine children. The very moment we entered the house, he cast a fierce look at his better half. 'My dear Jane,' said he, with a look and tone that badly accorded with the tender epithet, 'why do you shut out Mr Anderson's dog?' Do open the door, and let him come in. Pray excuse her,' continued he, casting aside the married glance, and looking most kindly on us; 'she has such an aversion to dogs, nay, such a foolish fear of them, that my poor Romeo has but a sorry time of it, for when my back is turned, he is banished to the kitchen.'

'Then why,' said my uncle, mildly, 'why do you keep a dog, if Mrs Emerson is afraid of them? I am very fond of cats, and I should have two or three Maltese and Angolas, if Phillida were not averse to it. She dislikes cats as much as your wife fears dogs, and in consequence, I have banished them. Leo, my son, step out and drive Brutus from the door; he is scratching at it, and Mrs Emerson must not be kept uneasy.' Emerson here cast another look.

'What,' thought I, 'do all men change in this way after marriage?' My uncle, as if divining my thoughts, nodded his head, but I shook mine. 'Never, Flora, shall this eye of mine look otherwise than tenderly on thee!'

'Did you see Emerson's eye!' said my uncle, when fairly on the pavement: and 'yet he is a pleasant fellow. How well he talks, and how kind and considerate he is to every body, poor and all. He is really a good man, and we could not get on well without him: and I have no doubt that he is, in the main, an indulgent husband. Now he might as well give up his fancy for dogs, seeing that his wife dislikes them. I cannot for my life conceive why he persists in it. Leo, it gives a woman a very bad opinion of our sex, when she finds how different a lover and a husband are. I remember the time when this very man, that lords it so with his eye, used to leave his dog at home when he went to Brighton to visit his sweet heart. He was tender enough of her feelings, then. He gave up smoking, too, knowing that she disliked the smell of tobacco-smoke, yet the cigar is hardly ever out of his mouth now. Did you see what a sarcastic look she put on, when I said that I gave up cats to please your aunt? The expression amounted to this: 'Yes, bachelor Andover, but there is all the difference in the world between giving up your whims to please your sister, and renouncing them to please your wife. If Phillida had been your wife, instead of your sister, the cats would have been paramount.' And indeed, my dear nephew, I am afraid this would be the case. It is this fear which has kept me an old bachelor.'

Our next visit was to Mr Renshaw, a retired merchant. He had an excellent wife, and lovely children, all of whom were in good health, and well managed. He was so cheerful, and she seemed so much at her ease, that I cast my eye toward my uncle; but he shook his head. 'Wait awhile!' said he, in an under tone.

'How finely the children grow!' said he to Mr Renshaw. 'Let me see; your eldest must be twelve years old, now?'

'I really do not know,' was the answer. 'My dear, how old did did you say Augustus was? You told me, this morning, but I really have forgotten already.'

'But if it had been an animal,' said his wife, laughingly, you would not have forgotten. You always remember the age of your horse and your ——' Her husband gave a look.

We saw several glances of the married man's eye, for the first did not seem to quell her sufficiently; yet she said nothing to deserve them. 'A woman,' said my uncle, as we passed on to the next house, 'never knows when she may banter or trifle. Sometimes her husband is in an easy mood, and then he will fall into the nonsense of the conversation; for, after all, it is nothing but nonsense that one talks, in these morning visits. Here lives our good Dr Fielding: let us stop here.'

'Doctor,' said Mrs Fielding, after we had chatted a little while, 'show Mr Andover little Mat's head, and see whether *he* pronounces the lump a wen or a bruise. Ah, such a look as she got! It stopped her short at once. The doctor had no desire that his old friend should suppose him so ignorant in so simple a matter as wen or no wen.

'I have no doubt,' said uncle Andover, when we left the house, 'that the doctor was wondering and wondering about this wen, just for talk's sake, before we went in; and so his wife, feeling anxious, and for the want of something better to say, blundered on the wen. Are you satisfied now, Leo?' asked the good old bachelor.

Every thing that wealth and taste could combine, was centred in and around the house of Mr Frazer, a manufacturer in large business, and of great popularity. He was still in the prime of life, although he had a daughter married, whose first baby was now on its first visit to his house. Nothing, of course, was too good for the child and its mother, and Mr Renshaw revelled in unalloyed happiness. We admired and wondered at the child's precocity and beauty, till even the mother was satisfied, and we were wondering what we should say next, when Mr Frazer came in from his office.

After hearing all our praises over again, and getting our opinion of his daughter's looks, he cast a cross glance at his wife, and said, 'My dear, I came near breaking my neck over the child's wagon in the entry; how could you let it stand there?' 'Oh, father,' said the daughter, 'it was my fault; it was I that left it there.' His face cleared up in an instant; for, as my uncle afterward observed, it makes a vast difference whether the injury, or opposition, or vexation, comes from a wife or a daughter. But with this branch of the question I have nothing to do at present. I am now only to speak of the married man's eye.

The next visit was to Mr Graylove, the clergyman. I thought *his* wife could not be afraid of dogs, for there were no less than four lying about. Over one of them my uncle stumbled, as he entered the parlor; but instead of apologizing to him, Mr Graylove cast a reproachful look at his poor wife.

'I told Mrs Graylove,' said he, with another glance, 'that if she persisted in driving old Carlo from the hearth-rug, he would take to the door-rug; and now she sees I was right.'

'Oh, never mind,' said my uncle, mildly; 'no harm is done; only that Carlo has chosen a very inconvenient place of rest; for he must be continually disturbed by the opening and shutting of the door.'

'Yes, but the door opens outward, as you see,' said Mrs Graylove; 'and people generally see him, and so step over him, if he is too lazy to get up, as he was to-day. If I had my way, dogs should never come in the parlor: they are a perfect nuisance, and I tell Mr Graylove ——'

The eye quelled her. 'What!' said I, 'is it always thus? Is the married eye *always* ready to reproach?'

Our last visit was to a very aged couple, Timothy Winter, and his wife. He was an old country gentleman, of eighty-six, affluent and respectable. On this day, there were thirty-six children, grand-children, great grand-children, and two little twin boys, his great-great-great grand-children. It was their aged relative's birth-day. 'Surely,' thought I, 'this man has scourged his eye out by this time.' 'Look out for his eye!' said uncle Andover.

All seemed to hover about the old man, and I kept wondering why the same fuss was not kept up with the old lady, too. Very little notice was taken of her. There she sat, in a corner by herself, smiling and nodding, and looking so happy—poor old thing!—but to my eyes, she did not seem to belong to the people around her. She was a delicate, lady-like looking woman, with a mild expression, and of quiet manners; while the whole brood were needy, care-worn, sinister-looking people; rough and uneducated. Even the father, although of coarse exterior, had a cast of superiority. We often see this in families, and there is no accounting for it.

The only one that at all resembled the old lady, was the mother of the little boys, who died of a broken heart, from ill usage. Her husband was a brute, and broke his neck in a horse-race, just one month after his wife's death. The children were taken home to their paternal grandmother, and this, as I have said, was their first visit. With that placid smile on her face, old Mrs Winter was the only one in the group who felt a pang at the loss of the children's mother; and yet, living at a great distance from her, she had never been seen by the aged people.

No one, as I observed, paid much attention to Old Mrs Winter; yet what had she not endured for them all! In some shape or other, her assistance, her feelings, were in constant requisition. To every one of the rough, ungainly-looking people, she had more than acted a mother's part; and yet they showed more respect to old Timothy, who had never voluntarily, my uncle said, done them one kind act. Young as I was, I had seen this before, in several families. The descendants make a greater ado with the old grandfather.

'Stand aside, Sally dear,' said the aged woman, 'and let me have another look at the dear little boys. Alas for their poor dear mother! What are their names, did you say? Henry and George? Well, they are very pretty names, but I wonder that one of them was not called Timothy.'

Old Timothy had some such feeling in his own mind, for most old people have this passion of wishing their name to descend to their grand-children, let the name be ever so ugly. But if it was a mark of respect to give the child a name, so it was a mark of disrespect, or indifference, to neglect doing it. To make this neglect apparent to others, was offensive to old Timothy; so he cast his eye wrathfully toward his wife: 'Nonsense!' said this old man of eighty-six. He meant that this look from his eye should have reached her, but it failed, for it fell on my uncle. Timothy was almost blind, yet he did his best.

'And yet,' said uncle Andover, after we left the house, 'the old man was always thought to be a kind husband.'

'But why,' said I, sorely puzzled, 'why is it that all hover around the old man? I have observed it to be the case every where.'

'Why?' said he; 'why because men, to the last, hold the purse-strings, my son; and because all their children, grand, great-grand, and great-great-grand children, down to such little ones as the twins we have just left, have seen the man's eye quell their mother—the mother of all;—she that suffered for them, that nursed them through many a desperate illness; she that has toiled for them down to her eighteen year, and has for ever interceded for them, when the old man was churlish. The working of that old man's eye—of every man's eye—has made her and all old women what they generally are, poor despised creatures; so that to be called an 'old woman,' is the most degrading epithet that can be applied. But their time is coming; their day is opening, Leo; and those little twin brothers will say 'Nonsense!' and cast a fierce glance at their wives, when they, tender-hearted to the last, are anxious that their husband's name should be kept green and fresh in the minds of their descendants. Yes, my son, the moment a man marries, his eye begins to scourge his wife; but women is now beginning to ask why this must be.'

'To be sure, my dear uncle,' said I, 'a man must often say and do foolish things, and often act contrary to his wife's judgment. He must, therefore, be as liable to the fierce glance of the eye, as she is. The only wonderful thing about it is, that any man who tenderly loves his wife, can let his eye fall on her as if she were his enemy.' 'No, Flora,' said I, 'never shall this eye reprove thine!' Uncle Andover looked up and smiled.

At the head of the broad street, we stopped to buy an orange of old Mrs Tray. She was waiting for us, and keeping herself in sight, that she might say a few words to good bachelor Andover, a name by which he always went, and to which he always answered as readily and as innocently as when he was called Leonardus, which was his name. Mrs Tray was not so anxious that we should buy her fruit, as to hear my uncle say a few pleasant words to her, and to chat over the news of the day. Her husband sat on the steps, smoking his pipe. He was a poor, sorry, do-little fellow, blind of one eye, and did scarcely any thing toward supporting the household.

'Good morning, Mrs Tray!' How are you, and how do you like the rail-road? They paid you well for cutting through your garden, did n't they?'

'Why yes, thanks to you, bachelor Andover. I remember that, full forty years ago, you told me, then a young girl, and you but a few years older, that —— But may be you are one of those who do not like to speak of their age; not that you are so very old, bachelor Andover.'

'I am turned of sixty, Mrs Tray; so do not fear that you will hurt my feelings, by classing me among the old. How curious it is, Leo, that people have an aversion to be thought old, as if age were disgraceful. Your good husband is looking very well, too, Mrs Tray. He smokes still, I see.'

'Yes Peter is quite well, at present; but I was telling him, as you came along this way, that he had better come in doors and smoke, as sitting in the sun, with his head leaning against the cold brick wall, would bring on his old head-ache.'

A fierce look from the old brute stopped her at once. He scourged her with the only eye he had.

We both laughed heartily, when out of hearing. 'You see,' said my uncle, 'that it runs through all ranks and degrees; and if every one would keep a look-out, as you and I have done to-day, the married man's eye would be seen in every house. It is so common a thing, that it is never noticed. It is looked upon as part of the marriage ceremony, or rather as having been engrafted upon a man, in consequence of the ceremony.'

'Yes, I shall now be for ever watching the married man's eye; but just for fun's sake, if you are not too tired, let us go down into this oyster-cellar, and see what kind of eye old Cato has. I hear the pan going; his wife is frying oysters.'

'His eye will work, too, depend upon it!' said my uncle, with a smile; 'he will quell her—he will quell her!'

But no such thing. To our amazement, his eye never shot an angry glance at the poor, heated, tired woman, doing her best, as nine wives out of ten always do. My dear uncle was quite 'put out' about it, for he was loth to admit that the rule did not hold good with all men. We staid full half an hour, seated on a clean bench, near the door-way, chatting with the old man and woman, who in the time, dispensed two pan's full of oysters, nicely fried, to their customers.

My uncle, as I thought, made several efforts to provoke a shot from the eye of old Cato; but it made no impression. I told him that I suspected he was playing false; but he denied it, though he said if the glance could be obtained, it would not signify whether it was provoked, or whether it came naturally. It was the *proneness* to make use of the eye—the *authority* of the married man's eye—that he rebelled against.

But no unlucky word or deed from old Dinah had any effect upon her husband's dim, bleared eyes. My uncle now 'set in to talk,' first to Cato and then to Dinah, who was now preparing a third pan of oysters. 'I will show you Cato's eye yet!' said my uncle. I doubt it,' I replied.

'How many children have you, Cato? I used to see four or five playing about you, a year or two ago, and now I only see the little girl who carried out the oysters.'

'We have nine, massa Andover, and all doing pretty well, 'ceptin' Clarissy, who lost her good husband, poor ting! So I told my Dinah to let her and de tree children come home. Dat little girl is her oldest child.'

'This comes very hard upon *you*, Cato. I must tell my sister to look into it.'

'Tanky, massa, tanky; but it is not for *me* to complain: only Dinah, my poor woman, I tell her she will fry her eyes out. I have nothin' to do but to sit still half de time and open oysters; but tank God we have a great run, massa; and Dinah, nobody can please de customers so well as she, massa. Den, when I have taken out de shells, I does nothin' but go about and 'muse myself in de garden, or lean over de wagons, and get tings cheap. But it comes very hard upon my poor woman dere:' and Cato cast a tender, humane glance at his wife, who having just finished her oysters, was turning them in a plate.

My uncle looked at me from the corner of his eye, to see if I had observed the old man's. 'I saw it,' said I; 'it was a glance worth a guinea.'

In a moment Dinah stood before us, with a tray, on which were two plates, each containing six of the largest and finest oysters I ever saw. A little table was placed between us, on which was a snow-white cloth, bread, pickles, mustard, pepper and salt.

She turned aside to look at Cato; and oh, what a delighted eye the affectionate husband cast on her! He fairly rubbed his hands with joy, at this mark of attention to us.

'Dat 's it, Dinah, dat 's it; now why did'n *I* tink of dis, too? But she is always beforehand wid me, massa bachelor Andover. I tink women are always 'cuter dan men in such tings; but when it comes to open oysters, den we beat 'em! Yah! yah!'

'Oh never mind it, Dinah, woman,' said he, when the poor soul, in her haste to hand my uncle a glass of water, knocked over the mustard-cup, the contents of which ran on his boots; 'never mind it, old woman; massa don't care, for I can soon polish him up again, and I'll buy you another mustard-cup.'

'Here is a dollar toward it,' said my uncle; 'and here are two,' said I, 'for not casting an angry look at your wife, when she knocked the cup over.'

'*He* look mad at me!' said honest Dinah; 'Lacky!—why, young massa, Cato never looked mad at me once in his life, as I can remember.'

'Well, who would have thought it? said my crest-fallen uncle, as we left the cellar. 'I must own that I tried hard, at the first going off, to provoke his eye to do its accustomed duty. But look—look there!'

Little Davison came smirking along, with Miss Parsells hanging on his arm; when just as he approached us, her bonnet caught in the straggling branch of a wild plum-tree, which stood in a little group of trees near the edge of the commons. The ribband gave way, and the bonnet was jerked from her head. Oh, how assiduous the fellow was, in extricating it from the branch! How devotedly he pinned the ribband fast, and how tenderly he tied the bonnet on again! Then he laughed so good humoredly at the joke, and at her embarrassment, and he drew her arm in his so gently, as they moved away!

'He is engaged to her—he has her!' said my uncle; 'but remember this scene, Leo, and mark his behavior a twelvemonth hence. Here comes our little beauty.'

It was indeed my dear Flora, blooming with goodness, health, and loveliness. I forgot little Davison—I forgot the whole world—as I sprang to her side.

'She is beautiful and happy,' said uncle Andover, as I told him of my engagement, which I did as soon as we left the dear girl at Oak Valley; 'but put off your marriage as long as you can. Ah! if you had told me of your love for her, I should have tried to persuade you to let her alone. She is too good, too innocent, for the married eye.'

'What! do you think that my eye will ever try to quell that bright, beaming glance of hers?'

'Yes, Leo, that it will. Old Cato has the only eye that does not carry a savage authority in it.'

Well, the short of the story is, that after a little coaxing, my dear aunt and uncle consented to our marriage; and it so happened that a few months after, as I was walking one fine afternoon with my lovely companion on my arm, and my uncle at her side—for he became very fond of her—we saw Davison and his wife, late Miss Parsells, in the very walk where we had encountered him before. Instead of *her* bonnet it was *his* hat that was knocked off by the branch, I dare say the same branch, of the wild plum. But the tone was altered now. 'You would come this way!' said he, looking fiercely at his wife, as he replaced his hat on his head; 'you are always doing something or other to make me look ridiculous. Your own foolish hat was dragged from your own foolish head in this very spot.'

'Do you hear?' said my uncle. 'I do,' said I. 'Did you see the look he gave her?' 'To be sure I did; and how meekly she bore it.'

'Flora, my love, how you swing about!' said I, not thinking that it was my attention to Davison's manœuvres that prevented her from keeping the path. 'Don't gaze on those people so,' said I, casting the married eye on poor Flora, who was only following my example. My uncle was a little in advance of us, and turned his head in time to catch the look.

'Leo, write this all down,' said bachelor Andover, 'for the good of the female sex.'

'I will,' said I, looking abashed; 'Flora, dearest! forgive me!'

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